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THE OTHER VIEW.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY FRANK J. OTTARSON.

I.
If I were Thou, and Thou wert me,
How different would all things be!
What would I do?
Banish pain;
Make human creatures brave and true,
And error vain.

II.
Lord forgive a sinful soul
For vanity of thought:
Yet sometimes thought outruns control,
And reverence is naught.
'Twas told my fathers I was Thou—
A part of the Immortal.
Was that a fiction? Was it true?
Do I wait at the portal?

III.
Waiting for what?
I cannot say;
I only know a wondrous longing,
A great desire in night's long way:
Will it bring me to morning?

IV.
Is it a sin to seek to know?
Am I profane,
If, as these bitter ages go,
I look for gain?
For gain of knowledge and of power,
While waiting "the inevitable hour,"
To know the first—the last—know all;
What was and is—the rise and fall
Of things to be?

V.
"Time was—time is"—what said
Old Friar Bacon's brazen head?
Translate the Sibyl free;
Look back upon the long array of dead,
And where place me?
Just as a waif upon the sea,
Drifting into the void immensity.

VI.
What if the great Future's door
I could unbar,
And lay its secret wonders bare?
I should not dare.
Creative wisdom has denied
To man the knowledge of the life to come;
Elsewise the vanity of human pride
Would antedate its doom.

MURIEL;
OR,
A DOUBLE VOW.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,
Author of "Fair as a Star," "A Wife's Revenge," etc.

CHAPTER I.—THE COUNT DE BASSOMPIERRE.

You make the people muse
In doubt if you be of our Baron's breed.
—TENNYSON.

Every story must have a beginning, and ours begins when Henry Burne Lutterell was still a youth, and only thinking of being the head of the great city-firm of Burne Luttereil, Tait & Co. as an event to happen to him in the remote future. He was at one of the Lancashire manufacturing towns, studying with a friend of his father's all the ins and outs of the cotton-trade; for the firm did largely in cotton, and it was intended that Henry should take that part of the business under his particular charge.

Spindleton is not a pretty place; nor is the country round it such as tourists would choose to explore. Even the beauty of green grass was denied it; for the whole face of creation for miles round was covered with mills, the monotony only varied now and then by an occasional coalpit. It was bad enough in fine weather, but when it rained, as it almost always did, its dreariness was better imagined than described. "Slushy Spindleton" the people round about called it, and it was well worthy of the name.

But, with all its drawbacks, it was a place of immense wealth, and no better spot could have been found for a young man to get an insight into the mysteries of the cotton-trade. Henry Burne Lutterell was very tired of it. He was a good young fellow and a dutiful son, and it never occurred to him to disobey or grumble at his father's commands; but he often wished that the fates had thrown him in some pleasanter place than this dreary home of spinning-jennies and eternal drizzle.

The merchant's son had comfortable apartments in the best situation the town could furnish, and managed, on the whole, to pass his time agreeably. He had not much in the way of society, for he was rather a reserved young man and chary of making acquaintances, one or two of the sons of the principal mill-owners being his only friends. One of them, a bright, lively fellow of about his own age, burst into his room one especially miserable day, with a playbill in his hand. Spindleton was not a theatrical place; there was a theatre there, but it was seldom any manager was venturesome enough to try a season at its dilapidated dramatic temple.

There was to be one now, it seemed, and the bill set forth the amazing fact that Louis, Count De Bassompierre, would open the Spindleton Theatre for a brief season, and play Shakespearian and other standard works. The wording of the bill was quaint and odd, and it seemed as if the Count-manager was not quite used to his business. It was a funny thing altogether to see a title at the top of a playbill.

A list of the company was given, from which it appeared that the leading-lady must be the Count's daughter or wife. She was announced as Mlle. Adrienne De Bassompierre; but married ladies on the stage rarely call themselves "Mrs.," and it was thought she was his wife.

"Isn't it a lark?" exclaimed Mr. Lutterell's friend. "A real live Count opening the theatre, with him joy of the speculation. Unless he has a very long purse, he will learn how to spell 'bankruptcy' with remarkable facility. There has not been a successful season here within my remembrance."

"Let us hope this will be an exception," laughed the other. "A Count and a theatre seem a strange mixture. I wonder if he acts himself."

"We shall soon know all about it. The *pater* has an interest in the place—it partly belongs to him. He would have parted with it long ago but for some ridiculous clause in my mother's marriage-settlement which prevents the sale. We are by no means proud of our property."

Herbert Davis, Henry Lutterell's companion, was the son of one of the richest men in Spindleton—a man who had risen from the ranks and made his fortune in the mill that now was his own property. The tumble-down theatre was a source of constant annoyance to the elder Mr. Davis, who disliked the stage and all that belonged to it, as men brought up in the observance of rigid dissenting doctrines are apt to do. His son was rather fond of hanging about the place when any manager was venturesome enough to try his fortunes among the Spindleton hands. Mr. Davis predicted all sorts of dreadful things as likely to happen from this propensity of Herbert's; but there was not much harm done, after all.

The members of the theatrical profession who were driven by adverse fortune to try Spindleton were not the sort likely to render a young man stagestruck in the smallest degree. All that he got out of them was amusement, and they were often indebted to him for material aid

"Then you will go and see these people?" Henry Lutterell asked doubtfully.

"Rather! I think these scrambling companies great fun; they always want to do so much, and then they come to grief. They go in for the biggest of Shakespeare's plays with half a dozen people, and the result is comic in the extreme."

"I can't bear to see things mangled like that. Besides, you are free of the place; you should not use your privilege only to laugh at them."

"Bless you, I don't," Herbert Davis replied. "There isn't a better customer in all Spindleton than I am to the theatre. The governor would have a fit if he knew how much I spent there the last time a set of unfortunates tried their luck. I always pay, and they look upon me as a regular milch-cow. I don't know any of this new set. The 'Count' has brought all strange names. I vote we hunt him up, and see what he is like."

"I expect his nobility will vanish on a very short acquaintance; it is most likely assumed to look well on the bill. I am afraid you will find him a fraud, and get no more fun out of him than the privilege of lending him money."

"Ah, you are too fastidious! Come along. I have a fancy for seeing the Count, and I have special business at the theatre this morning. There is sure to be something wanting that no one else can attend to."

"What a boy you are, Bertie! Come along, if you must. You will find the Count a greasy, red-nosed party in shabby clothes. I know the race."

"Very likely. I don't expect to find a nobleman of the first water, or even a *gentleman*. 'Bassompierre' is too big a mouthful to swallow. If the title had not been quite so grand I should have been more hopeful."

The Theatre "Royal," Spindleton, for the frowsy place really *had* the right through some long-forgotten decree to call itself so, was in the dirtiest and dreariest street in all the dreary town, and woeful was the mud through which the two friends had to wade to get at it. It was a tumble-down place, which it was no one's business to repair, and altogether looked as dismal and dilapidated a temple of the drama as could well be imagined.

The door was opened, and quite a number of people were engaged in removing the dirt—no small business, for there had been no company there for some time, and the youths of the neighborhood had made a play-place of the doorsteps, helping themselves freely to the glass from the windows and the plaster from the pillars of the portico.

The young men went in, finding their way to the stage through much dust and dirt, without seeing anyone in authority. None of the theatrical company seemed to be present—only the cleaners, and they did not seem to be quite satisfied with their employment. A voice quick and decided came from the back of the stage:

"It's no use arguing, madame; I will have it done, and done properly, too."

"The Count, I suppose?" Herbert remarked. "It is a good sort of voice, at any rate."

Somebody else answered out of the darkness before the young men had time to show themselves:

"Nobody else ever thought of such a thing, mounseer. The place has always done well enough for Spindleton folk, and it will do now."

"It will *not* do for *me*. You can do as you like, madame. Every corner of it must be made clean, and if you will not do your part you can go. There are plenty of others who will come and take your place."

"I'd like to see them do it," was the retort. "I don't know the woman in Spindleton that would dare do it. Take my place, indeed! You don't know Molly Peters yet, master, if you think it likely."

"The Count will get the worst of it," said Herbert, laughing. "It is a bold man who dares interfere with Mrs. Peters. She is the terror of all the managers who come here."

"What has she to do with it?"

"She is the custodian of the premises, my boy. She lives in the theatre, in what ought to be the greenroom, I believe, and lets her squalid brood run riot all over the place. No decent-tongued man or woman is any match for her. I think I will go to the rescue. The Count will never get what he wants else."

"Will she listen to you?"

"I could get her turned out to-morrow if I chose, and she knows it. I think she will."

As Herbert spoke, the manager stepped upon the stage and saw them, and instinctively the two young men lifted their hats to him as he did so. Nobleman or not, he was a *gentleman*. The fact was patent at the first glance. His clothes were shabby, there was no denying that, but they were scrupulously clean and well arranged, and were of good shape and material, if old-fashioned.

He was a little man, with a handsome face and bright, dark eyes; his hair was quite white, and rather thin on the top of his head; but both it and the moustache, which partly hid his mouth, were carefully brushed and arranged. His linen was of snowy whiteness, and his hands had the purity and daintiness which is the mark of good breeding.

He was altogether a man whom it was impossible to imagine looking dirty or untidy under any circumstances, and Herbert Davis and his friend began to think the title not quite so *outre* as they fancied, when they saw the possessor of it.

"Your business, gentlemen?" he said, courteously, but with determination. "The theatre is private in the daytime."

"We had no intention of intruding," Mr. Davis replied, offering his card. "My father is the principal proprietor of the building, and I have got into the habit of dropping in when I see the door open. Perhaps I can bring the lady you were talking to just now to something like reason. I presume I am speaking to Count De Bassompierre?"

"Yes, that is my name," was the quiet reply. "I shall be indeed glad if you can help me, for she is very trying to me is that Madame Peters. She will not clean what I want her to. And I will have cleanliness. I have no money to spend on repairs, but the theatre shall be clean—I am determined on that."

"You shall have no further trouble with Molly," Herbert said, laughing. "I am glad to be able to do you that much service, at any rate."

Molly was summoned out of the gloom to be confronted, to her great dismay, with the son of the man to whom she had to pay her rent, and informed that if she did not choose to do what she was told she could turn out and seek lodgings where she could. She was warned that no insolence of any sort would be put up with, and that the Count would have full power to dismiss her at any time if she made herself disagreeable.

"I am very much obliged to you, young gentleman," the manager said. "It is awkward to deal with a person like that. Ignorant insults are often as galling as those offered by more refined people, and I am absurdly sensitive, no doubt, on the score of nationality and name."

From which the two young men gathered that Molly had been making use of her tongue anent "Frenchmen" and frogs—a subject on which she had been great ever since a certain conjurer had left her in debt after a miserable trial of the battered old theatre.

"I suppose it is unusual to see a title at the head of a playbill," the old man went on; "but I have the right—it is my own."

"It is a name that smacks rather of courts than the stage," said Henry Lutterell, speaking for the first time. He was singularly struck by this aristocratic old gentleman. "De Bassompierre seems to take one straight to the Tuileries and the Court of old France."

"It is a name of old France," replied the owner of it, with enthusiasm. "I am doing nothing to harm it. One must live. I thank you heartily for your interference, messieurs. You have saved me from a battle in which I should have been worsted. I cannot strive with people like *her*."

"It is difficult," Herbert said, "and there is only one way: put them down at once. You will get the place cleaned now, I hope, without any further trouble."

"I thank you," again said the old gentleman, as they took their leave, "on my daughter's account, as well as my own."

"So Mademoiselle De Bassompierre is his daughter," said Herbert, as they walked away. "We have found that much out, at any rate."

CHAPTER II.—STRICKEN WITH THE FEVER.

Thy brow is unwrinkled, O love! though its birth,
Coeval with heaven, is older than earth.—ANON.

"It is as well we dropped in," Herbert Davis said to his companion, as they walked away. "The Count would have come off second-best in his encounter, I fancy. Mother Peters has an awful tongue when she chooses."

"I don't know about that," the other replied. "I think Count Louis De Bassompierre—by Jove! how absurd the name does sound, to be sure, in connection with a theatre!—could hold his own with any woman, no matter how foul-tongued she might be. Mrs. Peters was by no means comfortable, in spite of her bravado."

"Poor old fellow! He seems a thorough gentleman. I hope he won't lose all his money in this confounded hole. It is the general order of things."

"I hope not, I am sure. I wonder what his daughter is like. I should say, judging from him, that she is a lady."

"I can't fancy a lady acting here. But we shall see. We will drop in again to-morrow. They will be sure to be having rehearsals, and we shall see her."

They dropped in every day, but they did not see Mlle. De Bassompierre. There were rehearsals going on, but it would seem as if her presence was not necessary. At any rate, she did not appear; and when one day they were bold enough to inquire for her, they got no satisfaction from the Count.

"My daughter is perfect in her business," he said quietly. "She is not needed here till the day of performance, I do not like her hanging about the theatre."

Of course the little mystery only made the young men still more curious, and Henry Lutterell, who had begun to think himself *blase* in all such matters, found himself scheming to catch a sight of this unknown provincial actress with as much gusto as he would have done had she been a reigning London star.

He had often talked to Herbert of his weariness of things theatrical, and indeed he had pretty well exhausted all the amusements in town. His father was by no means rigid, and had allowed him to enjoy himself pretty freely. So long as his son showered no vicious propensities, he let him go his own way till he wanted him for the serious business of life.

To Herbert Davis this small smattering of the mysterious seemed like an adventure, and he entered into the spirit of the attempts to see the Count's daughter with all the glee of a boy. They did see her once—at least, they met the Count walking with a lady, and presumed it was mademoiselle. But that was all.

She was simply dressed and closely veiled, and, manœuvre as they would, they could not catch a glimpse of her face nor hear a sound of her voice. She merely bowed in reply to some remark so evidently addressed to her that to take no notice of it was impossible, and the Count out short the interview by abruptly bidding them good-morning and hurrying away. They could see that the lady was young and of graceful figure, and they noticed that her walk was light and easy; but she might have been a female Gorgon for any glimpse they had of her features.

"It's an awful sell," Herbert said, as they watched the pair to the door of their lodgings. "It's my belief the girl is as ugly as sin, and that's why he won't let her be seen."

"I think he is a good business man, and knows the value of a little wholesome curiosity. It does wonders in the theatrical world. Besides, she may not look as well by daylight as at night, and he wants her to be seen behind the footlights first."

"Anyway, we shall see her to-morrow. She will be sure to rehearse once. They can't do 'Romeo and Juliet' without having all the people together for one rehearsal."

Shakespeare was to be the order of the day during the Count's season—if, indeed, he could make a season in Spindleton. Herbert had told him—for he had come to be quite sociable with the young men, in a quiet sort of way—that Shakespeare only meant failure in the town; that the mill-hands and collier-families—who formed the greater part of the audience—knew nothing of "the sweet swan of Avon," and would rather have the most furious melodrama, the least refined of comic-songs, than the finest tragedy that Shakespeare ever wrote. The Count had listened and smiled, and said quietly:

"They will like him when they have seen him played as I shall have him played."

He was evidently a tremendous egotist, or else he was sanguine, and expected to find the Spindleton hands more impressionable than his predecessors had done. It was no use arguing with him, and they were sorry for the lesson they felt sure he would have to learn.

They duly presented themselves at the theatre on the day of the first performance, but were civilly stopped by the Cerberus whom the Count had established at the door, to the intense disgust of Mrs. Peters.

"She had always been good enough before," she told her neighbors, with many gin-prompted tears. "Times were changed since a pack of foreigners were let ride over decent, hard-working folks as they liked."

Her children were no longer allowed to run about as they chose, and make what mess they pleased about the theatre, and she was cut off from the society of a choice selection of gossips, who had been accustomed to make it a meeting-place.

The man put in her place was civil enough, but firm. No one was allowed to enter during the rehearsal on any pretence, except those engaged in the business, he said, not attempting to make any exception in favor of Herbert, whom he knew perfectly by this time.

"You don't want to make a stranger of me, surely?" the young man said in surprise. "The Count has always let me pass."

"My orders are very strict, sir," was the quiet reply. "I can speak to him, if you wish."

"If you please. I think you will find the order does not extend to Mr. Lutterell and myself."

It unmistakably did. The Count came out himself, and civilly, though firmly, declined to admit them.

"I must refuse all or none," he said. "I should be sorry to offend, but much to me depends on this night, and I cannot risk having my daughter worried by any strangers."

"Suppose we retaliate by not coming in the evening?" Herbert said, with a laugh.

But the Count only remarked that he should be very sorry, but that he could not alter his determination to admit no one.

"No, no, Count, we did not mean that!" exclaimed Henry Lutterell, for he fancied he saw a look of pain come into the old man's face, as if he were disappointed. "Of course we shall come. Part of my business this morning was to get some more tickets. You shall have a good house to start with."

"Thank you; you are very kind. You will understand some day why I am so anxious. I am very grateful to you now, gentlemen."

They had determined that there should be a good house for the opening of the Count's season. They liked him and pitied him, for they felt quite sure that this venture of his was a hard struggle for a living, and they had not much faith in the talent of his mysterious daughter. They had bought tickets, and distributed them right and left, till they had set other people buying, too. And the Spindleton world began to have an idea that there would be something worth seeing at the almost forgotten theatre. They had persuaded a number of their own friends to go, under protest though it was, and the array of booked seats was very comforting to the poor Count, whose last shilling was wellnigh gone over his venture.

It was a wonderful thing to see the carriages of the upper ten thousand of Spindleton setting down their occupants at the door of the theatre, and it was more wonderful still to those who went to find the place clean and in order, and a perfectly dressed old man, who would not have looked out of place in the Queen's drawing-room, receiving the company as if they were his guests, with easy civility, but without the slightest trace of servility. It was a new experience to Spindleton, and they rather liked it.

The appliances at the command of the new manager were not many, and the banquet-hall of the Capulets was very simple indeed. But there was nothing to ridicule. The actors were well drilled, and there was no blundering, and the few opening sentences of the play were well received.

"How now? Who calls?"

The clear, musical voice sounded through the theatre, penetrating to every part of it, with the subtle power a well-trained voice always possesses, and there was a sudden hush, as Juliet, followed by her nurse, entered, and bent her graceful head, without pausing in her business, in response to the storm of applause that greeted her appearance.

No other word would express it, for the audience were so taken by surprise at the beautiful apparition that they could only clap their hands and shout till they were hoarse. They had seen Juliets before—the play was rather a favorite in Spindleton—and Juliets of all ages and sizes had presented themselves before the good people there, but they had never seen anything like this.

A little older, perhaps, than the heroine of the Southern love-story, Mlle. De Bassompierre looked in other respects the very embodiment of the poet's dream.

W. W. FOWLER.
BUSINESS-MANAGER OF THE BERGER FAMILY AND SOL SMITH RUSSELL.

Her beauty was of the Italian type, and was as marked as the grace of her movements and the symmetry of her form. She was attired in a robe of some soft, clinging material, which swept the ground as she walked, and harmonized admirably with the dreamy charm of her sweet face. She had very little that was glittering or showy about her. Her notion of the girlish Juliet was not to make her a gaudily-bedecked woman, but a girl in all the purity of her innocence.

A tracery of pearls was about the edges of her dress, and twined in her dark hair were some larger ones, which the critics of the dress-circle pronounced to be real. If they were not, they were a marvelous imitation, and had all the lustre and brilliance of the genuine gems. She seemed perfectly at ease; there was no stage-fright or nervousness, and the rapturous applause of the crowded house only elicited from her another gentle bend of her pretty head, as if it would expostulate with them for interfering with the business of the piece.

Herbert Davis applauded with the keen delight of a boy who appreciates beauty. He had not expected anything half so charming as this elegant creature.

"Bravo!" he cried. "I don't wonder the Count wanted to keep her dark. She's a stunner. Give her a hand, old boy! Why don't you applaud?"

Why, indeed? Henry Lutterell would have been puzzled to answer that question. He was entranced, intoxicated; his senses were spell-bound by the revelation of that marvelous loveliness. It seemed to him a profanation to hear the people shouting and clapping their hands at that glorious creature, who moved like a goddess and spoke with a voice compared with which music was harsh.

It had come to him, poor boy—the wild love-fever that they say comes to us all once in our lives, even if we fold our robes over the scorching, and show the world as cool a face as if there were no furnace within. The arrow of the tiny mischief-maker had sped home, and Henry Lutterell's peace of mind was gone. His friend thought him pathetic, and strangely indifferent to the loveliness of the enchanting Juliet. He did not notice that his cheek was pale and his eyes were glittering with surpressed emotion.

"Don't talk," he said sharply. "Listen!"

And they did listen and look till the drop-scene fell and shut out Juliet from their sight. Henry Lutterell could applaud now, and did till the manager made his appearance, leading on his lovely daughter to receive the congratulations of the crowded house. Then she vanished again, and the play went on.

She was as good an actress as she was a beautiful woman, and when the curtain finally fell there was not a dissentient voice in the house.

"I don't believe there is such an actress in all London," Herbert said excitedly. "She's splendid!"

His friend had no words to echo his speech. It was not the actress he saw, but the woman. The others might applaud her talent; he could see nothing but her beauty and the light in her loving eyes. The world would be dark till he could see her again. Life would be as nothing unless the brightness of her gracious presence was over his pathway through the world.

It is a happy fever while it lasts, this burning love; but alas! for the wretch to whom it brings nothing but scathing. Henry Lutterell was in the first stage of it now; it had its course to run before he had done with it.

CHAPTER III.—MURIEL GRANT.

Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.
—SHAKESPEARE.

Adrienne De Bassompierre, seated in the comfortable little room which was the only sitting-room of the lodgings she occupied with her father, looked scarcely older by daylight than she had done on the stage. And yet she was no girl, but a woman who had had bitter experience of the world's hardness, and who had seen the brightness of her youth pass in sorrow.

Hers was one of the faces that do not age even with trouble, and a casual observer would have set her down for not more than twenty years of age at the most. In reality she was nearer thirty. Her twenty-sixth birthday was a thing of the past. But the bloom on her cheek and the light in her eyes were as fresh as if she were only on the threshold of her girlhood, instead of having left it far behind her.

Her father was really what he described himself to be—a Count. His father before him had fled from France in the awful time of the Reign of Terror, and the family-estates had been confiscated, and their goods divided among the ruffians who held that universal murder was the only way to uphold the glorious sentiment of "*Liberte, egalite, fraternite*," of which Frenchmen have so much reason to be proud. He had borne all his sufferings and privations in silence, enduring as exiles will endure, and making no moan to the strangers among whom his lot was cast.

He laid his wife to rest in the foreign land that had sheltered him, and left his only child no better patrimony than the honor of the old name of Bassompierre, and the hope that one day some miracle might enable him to resume his place in the world, and give him the right to hold up his head once more amongst his fellow-men. And Louis De Bassompierre clung to the name of his fathers with a tenacity that made him often the laughing-stock of those around him. He was always the Count, and as dignified and aristocratic in his poverty as if he had been in possession of the fortune of his ancestors.

He married in due course the daughter of an exile like himself—an educated, ladylike woman, on whom the burden of poverty had pressed as hard as it had on him. She had made such a living as she could by teaching, and only those who have tried it know how hard it is.

Adrienne only remembered her mother as a faded, overworked woman, whose life had been worn out of her by the incessant labor of instruction, and who faded out of the world like a child going to sleep, so gradual was the decay that carried her off. Child though she was, she had more energy than the weak woman, whose last words were a prayer and a blessing for her, and from her mother's death she set herself to be a comfort and a help to her father.

He had his teaching still. He was considered a very good instructor, and his connection was worth having. For many years of her life Adrienne lived in tolerable ease. She was frugal in her habits, and managed to make the slender means she could call her own enough.

There came a finish to these days of ease. They had lived, but no more. They had not been able to save anything towards the rainy day which is so apt to loom in the future. A time of sickness set in amongst the Count's pupils, followed by an illness which laid him low for many weeks. When he recovered he could not resume his teaching. An affection of the eyes had supervened on the disease that had prostrated him, and he was almost blind.

Adrienne, half-distracted, worked as only loving women will to find him bread, and no one but herself ever knew to what straits she was put to get food sometimes.

Her father had contrived to give her an education, and she had inherited his facility for languages and his taste for literature, so that, when the burden of their maintenance fell upon her, she was not so helpless as many women who have the battle of life to fight out for themselves.

She was not unhappy in her life of duty and self-forgetfulness, for there came to her the dream that makes life so bright to the young—she loved, and she fancied herself beloved again with the same pure passion that animated her. In her pride of birth and race she had no idea that any man could so insult her, a nobleman's daughter, as to talk to her of love with no thought of marriage. But so it was, and she woke from her happy illusion to find that she had been looked upon as a plaything of an idle hour—a girl who would be found willing to give the world for love.

Stung and humiliated beyond endurance, and smarting with the bitter pain of a despised love, she was almost beside herself, and for a time her father feared that the insult she had received would kill her. So she could not settle to her work again. The chastened spirit which alone had made the calm, uninteresting pursuit of teaching endurable was gone, and in its place had come a restless, eager desire to be up and doing, a longing for anything that would make her forget.

In this mood the opportunity for receiving dramatic instruction came to her quite by accident, through an actress to whom she gave lessons, and she eagerly seized the idea as a means of getting out of herself, as it were, and putting from her the ever-present thought of the bitter past. She knew that her appearance was good enough to secure her an engagement that would stand between them and starvation, and she would struggle and work her way as other women had done.

There would be one thing in her favor. No love or lovers would ever interfere with her progress. She had done with such things forever, so she argued, and her father, when she discussed her future with him, thought it was very likely she had spoken truly. He knew her disposition, and doubted whether her heart would ever be touched again.

Her success was so marked when she appeared under a feigned name at various amateur entertainments to try her skill that her father saw that more might be made of her choice of a profession than a mere living, and he set about doing what he could to get her proper instruction.

It was not much, for he was told on all sides that the theatrical market was overstocked, and that there was no opening. But he was sanguine and Adrienne determined, and at length they managed, not only the money they wanted for the teaching, but the means to get a company together, and take a theatre in the provinces. That they chose Spindleton was only a proof of their poverty. It was a risky place for such a venture, but by good fortune it was successful.

The whole town was ringing with the praises of the actress, and seats were being taken for the next performance, while the two papers the town boasted, which were generally at daggers drawn, were unanimous in their eulogiums on this bright, new star.

Adrienne looked slightly weary this morning. She had been more anxious than she was willing her father should see about the night's performance, and now that it was over she was feeling the lassitude that nearly always follows intense mental excitement.

"Success is sweet," she said, as her father handed her the newspaper that she might read what it said of her; "but it is very fatiguing. I was terribly afraid of what last night might bring forth."

"I was not," the Count replied. "I had not the slightest fear. I knew what my daughter could do. If Shakespeare had risen from his grave, he would have declared you the very realization of his dream of Juliet."

"You are a dear old, flattering papa," she said, laughing, and giving him a kiss. "I did not feel a bit like Juliet at first. I was wondering whether the people would think me very old to play such a part."

"My dear child, don't take to fancying you look old."

"Or I shall look so. Is that what you are afraid of? It is true, papa, nevertheless. If Shakespeare is to be believed, I am as old as Juliet's mother."

"Hush!" said the Count, with a look of terror that made his daughter laugh—"don't talk like that. They don't think you are more than twenty. I heard that on all sides last night. The outside of your age, they said, it must be."

"Long may they live to say it," laughed Adrienne. "And Heaven send that I may keep my looks long enough to make some money for us to live in peace by-and-bye. Elderly heroines are a mistake. And if the good folks knew they had guessed my age at ten years too little, I might not find the stage so pleasant or so profitable."

"You made a conquest last night, if I am not mistaken. You completely drove the wits out of one poor youth, at least."

"I am sorry for him. Who is he?"

"The lad who has been so anxious to see you all this week. I have had hard work to prevent two of them surprising us at all manner of times. He is a very young fellow, but a gentleman, and a son of a rich man. He does not seem to be more than nineteen or twenty."

Adrienne laughed merrily.

"That is just the age when boys fall in love with their grandmothers," she said. "He'll soon get over it. What makes you think he was fascinated?"

"The way he looked at you. I don't believe he saw a bit of the piece from beginning to end. I wonder you did not see him."

"Where was he?"

"In the middle of the dress-circle."

"I don't think I saw anyone in the theatre, except one child."

"A child?"

"Yes."

"What made you see her particularly?"

"I don't know. Did you ever feel that you had met somebody who would by-and-bye influence your whole life?"

"My dear girl, what strange fancy have you got into your head? You must be overtired or ill."

"No, I am not. I am quite well. But I shall meet that child again. I am sure I shall, and our meeting will bode no good to either of us."

"I don't understand you in the least. What child was it you saw? Whereabouts was she?"

"Where you say the young man was—in the dress-circle. It was in the poisoning scene that I saw her first. When I was kneeling with the vial to my lips, I looked up and saw her staring straight at me. It seemed as if there were real death in her looks, and that when we meet again there will be death in the meeting to one or both of us, or to someone we hold dear."

"You are oversensitive," the Count said. "You let your imagination play you strange freaks. Perhaps the fancy will go off if we find out who the child is and you see her again. You said it was a girl, did you not?"

"It was a girl—a pretty, fair-haired creature—as innocent as an angel to look at. She was about eight years old, I should think—not more—and she was with her parents, I suppose, for she was very like the lady. I hope I shall not see her again; but I shall—I know it—I feel it!"

It was such a strange fancy that the old man could say nothing to combat it. But Adrienne was apt to be fanciful; it was part of her excitable temperament and sensitive nature.

The servant came up with cards, and he hailed the advent of visitors as something which would break the queer spell that seemed to be over her.

"'Mr. Davis and Mr. Burne Lutterell,'" he read. "Will you admit them? They have been our best friends."

"I should like to see them and thank them," she answered cordially. "Is either of them my adorer?"

"Yes; the younger—Mr. Lutterell."

"Poor boy! Let him in, to be disenchanted."

Not to be disenchanted, but to have his chains riveted more tightly than at first. If Henry Lutterell had thought her lovely at night, with the glare of the gas upon her, she seemed a divinity now in the quiet, lady-like costume of her everyday life.

He could not find words to talk to her, but trembled in her presence like a shy boy, and, what was very strange to the Count, watching the meeting, Adrienne appeared as much perturbed as he was. She, who was usually so self-possessed and calm, was flurried and unlike herself. He could see her hand shake and hear the tremor in her voice as she spoke to this new worshiper at her shrine.

The young men did not stay long. They had the good taste not to overdo this first visit. They had gained the entree, and one of them, at least, was in the seventh heaven of ecstatic delight.

One service they rendered to their new friends—they were able to tell them who the party were that the little girl was with.

Mr. Davis knew them very well.

"Mr. and Mrs. Grant of Fir Lodge, just outside the town here," he said; "and very nice people they are, too. We shall be sorry to lose them."

"Are they going away, then?" Adrienne asked.

"Yes. Spindleton air does not suit them. Their children have all died except little 'Queen Mab,' as we call her."

"Is her name Mabel?"

"No—Muriel. A pretty name, is it not?"

"Yes.—God-given." I shall not forget it," was Mlle. De Bassompierre's somewhat odd answer to the information. "Shall I think her 'God-given,' I wonder, when she crosses my path in the future? I think not; but we shall see."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE TRAMP'S MISTAKE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

He was jogging along o'er the rough country road
In the morn, near the hour of five, [steak
Wondering where he should strike for a porter-house
To keep soul and body alive;
He had slept in a hog-pen a mile or two back,
And intended to linger there late,
But the family bulldog inspected his pants,
So he left at a three-minute gait.

A whirlwind had passed through the country that night
That had troubled the fences and trees,
And hencoops and haystacks were scattered about
That stood in the path of the breeze;
As our hero passed by he gazed at a fence
That was down twenty-five feet or more,
And thought of a story he'd heard from a pal
On the road a few mornings before:

"How a poor bu'sted traveler had mended a fence
Blown down in the night by a storm,
And was seen by the owner and invited to 'feed,'
And to linger a while on the farm;
With the farmer's young daughter he soon fell in love,
And a parson united the two;
Then he got a good grip on his father-in-law's scrip,
And 'lit out' for pastures anew."

This story our hero revolved in his mind,
And concluded at last it might pay
To patch up that fence, but *he sat down to wait*
Till the farmer should happen that way.
He had not waited long when he saw him approach,
Then he grabbed up the rails from the ground,
And began the first work he had done in his life,
Just as if there was no one around.

But, as bad luck would have it the farmer had heard
Of the damages some tramps had done—
When he saw him there spoiling a way at the fence
He concluded to settle his fun;
For he thought he was up to some devilish trick,
So he picked up a fistful of stones,
Flew at him and licked him and gouged out an eye,
And tried to break all of his bones.

The tramp gathered up what was left of himself,
When the old granger gave him a rest,
And he never once asked for his porter-house steak,
But immediately steered for the West;
His curses were awful for Christians to hear
As he limped on the road, bruised and sore;
He is hunting his friend (?) up who told him the yarn—
When he finds him we'll finish this story.

CHARLEY RUSSELL.

SHE WANTED A "LAYOUT" FOR A TABLECLOTH.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

They were a pretty "solid"-looking country couple, avoirdupoisly and financially speaking. They were getting along towards sixty, but pretty well preserved—he the better of the two, perhaps. He was slow-gaited and quiet—she the very opposite, talking fast and ranging ahead of him several yards, then falling back to say something or other.

They came out of the Wesminster, and proceeded down Irving place. She was two lengths ahead on reaching Fourteenth street, when she turned with kindled eyes upon him, crying out:

"Come right acrost here, Sol. I see a shop over ther I'm goin' into."

Before she finished she was off the walk, and halfway across the street by the time "Sol" reached the curb, so eager was she to reach her objective point.

"Hope it takes you long enough to git acrost a street, you Sol Speed—your name'd oughter bin Slow, 's I've told ye a thous'n' times!" This was her gentle salutation as Sol came up.

"Y-e-s—s'pose so, Peggy. But you got a better name by it's not bein' Slow—d' ye see?" If Sol wasn't slow by name, he was decidedly slow of speech.

"I wouldn't a-hed ye, Sol Speed, 'f your name 'd bin Slow—no, I wouldn't!"

"W-a-l, old girl, if you married my name an' not me, what ye kevortin' about, eh? The name's a good 'un, an' aint changed a bit since ye fust took it on to your shoulders, Peggy; whereas an' moreover, a good many men does change an'——"

"Wal, don't begin to preach, you Sol Speed—don't, for mercy's sake! I'm jest goin' into this 'ere shop an' see what they've got. You comin' in, or go'n' ter stay out?"

"M-e?" I noticed that every first word he uttered was drawled exceedingly. "Oh, I'll come in, too, Peggy."

And in they went, she leading by a length, your humble servant trailing after Sol.

It chanced that the proprietors and attaches of the establishment were all engaged at the rear part of the store at the moment, and "Peggy" Bernards consequently made her way, Sol lagging, and I ditto behind him.

About halfway back, Peggy noticed lying on a counter on her left a yard or more of bright green cloth, upon which, at regular intervals, and closely adhering thereto, were several tablets bearing brilliantly colored designs of a character altogether strange to her eyes, the combination of cloth and "tablets" (the latter, I thought, were playing-cards, but learned later on that one should look before leaping to a conclusion) proving a pleasing one to Peggy.

That the inquisitive old lady was very much "taken" with the combination, her eager eyes and animated countenance plainly attested. Besides, she made a dash for it as would a hungry trout for a gaudy fly.

"What's that, mister?" to a young gentleman—debonnaire *distingue*, handsome, with a moustache whose ends curled ravishingly—who came up at the moment. "I vum, it's pooty, now, aint it? Them's chromos, aint they?" indicating the brightly emblazoned "tablets." "Splendid colors, aint they? What queer kind o' pictures they air! What bright green cloth, aint it? Make nice trousers for Sol, wouldn't it? Jes' look o' this nice cloth, Sol. Wouldn't ye like a pair o' trousers of it, hey?"

Just before this query I saw "Sol," in whose eye was a peculiar light, and on whose lips was a knowing sort of smile, wink at the debonnaire young gentleman, and I wondered why. There was an answering look, implying that the wink was understood, when "Sol" responded to his wife's query.

"No, I don't want any green trousers, Peggy."

"What's it for, young man," queried the old lady of the salesman, forgetting her interrogatory concerning the trousers. "Make a nice 'arth-rug, wouldn't it, you? My! but wouldn't it make a beautiful table-cloth, though? How all the Westfield folks would stare their eyes out a-lookin' at it, 'f I hed it on my parlor centre-table?"

Sol seemed to be immensely "tickled," and could hardly "keep in," as the saying is, thinking of green trousers, no doubt.

"That's what they are for, marm—table-cloths," returned the salesman, smiling blandly. "The chromos are Egyptian hieroglyphics, marm, on parchment, selected by myself in the land of the Sphinx and the Pyramids."

Then the debonnaire young gentleman kindly went on to tell her all about his life in Egypt, replete with heroic deeds, thrilling adventures, hair-breadth escapes and dreadful sufferings, including an account of a crusade, on his part, against the corsairs of the Mediterranean, in which he exterminated one entire horde of several thousands, and crippled the power of all other horde beyond recovery! All of which greatly interested the old lady, who looked upon him with eyes distended with wonder and admiration.

"Dear me! it must a-be'n dreadful, young man! An' ye lived through all on't, did ye?"

"Most all of it, marm," replied the daring Egyptian adventurer and conqueror of Caribbean corsairs!

"I'm so glad you did, young man. An' so this 'ere cloth is really a table-cloth, eh? Now, I was jes' cute in thinkin' 's I did, wasn't I? I thought one on 'em would make a nice table-cloth. I vum, 'f I aint a good mind to buy one for my parlor centre-table—it would jes' make Squire Bunkum's wife as mad's a March hare to see I hed sech a table-cloth! What's the price on 'em, mister? You needn't think, 'cos we're country greenhorns, we aint able to hev nice table-cloths, 'cos we air—me 'n' Sol's well off, mister!"

"Madam," returned the gallant and courteous corsair of the Caspian Sea, "no one with half an optic would dream of doubting your statement! If the 'Old Mine'

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1879.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

[*For answers to amusement questions, see first page of "Theatrical Record."*]

I. W., St. Ceasure.—I. Calling for partner's best and permitting two lone hands at once is not legitimate euchre, and those who wish to play in that way should agree as to the precise method of doing it. 2. Either player could call out at cassino as soon as he made points enough to put himself out. 3. The Hartfords of Brooklyn were never expelled from the League, and the only clubs that have won the League championship are the Boston, Chicago and Providence. 4. It is a matter of opinion who is the best pitcher. According to the League figures, McGunnigle has the best average. 5. It is not necessary for a troupe to have a license to play in every city.

A. C. H., Chicago.—Slosson has defeated Schaefer five times in public contests of record, and Schaefer has beaten Slosson twice in similar games. They have played three public matches of record, and Slosson has won two. All the other games have been in tournaments. Two of these tournament games have been for a championship, and each has won one. One of the matches was for a championship, and Schaefer won it. The foregoing list does not include the Madison-square Garden "divertisement." Schaefer came out ahead in that.

THOMAS F. GILL, Brooklyn.—Last year C. E. Courtney was a contestant in a sculling race at a regatta held at Silver Lake, Plymptom, Mass. The race was won by Frenchy Johnson, James H. Riley being second and Ellis Ward third. "Courtney was not well" when he started, and the exertions made brought on trouble after turning the mile-and-a-half stake, when Riley went to his assistance. J. W. D. wins.

UNCAS.—If Lorillard's Parole won the City and Suburban Stakes, Newmarket Handicap, Great Metropolitan Stakes, the great Cheshire Handicap Stakes, and Epsom Gold Cup. He was fourth for the Chester Cup, second for the Ascot Stakes, third for the Goodwood Cup, was among the last for the Champagne Stakes, ninth for the Cesarwitch Stakes, and fifth for the Second Great Challenge Stakes.

THOMSON.—1. L. E. Myers, the champion amateur sprinter, is 21yrs. old, 5ft. 9in. in height, and weighs 299lb. He ran 100yds. in 10⅘sec. Aug. 2 last; was beaten by two yards in 10½sec. Sept. 6; ran 220yds. in 22⅗sec. (best on record in America), and one mile in 4m. 44 4-5s. July 4 last. 2. George Seward's best times were made in England. 3. Yes, at 100, 120 and 200yds.

A SUBSCRIBER.—1. You will find his full record in THE CLIPPER dated Oct. 25 last, copies of which can be supplied for ten cents apiece. 2. He was never professional champion, Hanlan holding that position when he beat Courtney at Lachine. Hanlan won the title from Morrissey in the Summer of 1878. He never met Laycock in a race, but the latter has never rowed so fast as he has.

C. K. L., Cleveland.—The new game of billiards permits the player to make a "push" shot to make a two-ball cannon, and owns provided that the ball first hit is not the one to which the cue-ball was last. If there is danger of his hitting that ball he can play to a cushion and come back with either ball in hand, or he can play a direct upon the free ball, or he can spot all the balls.

L. W., Detroit.—The rules are similar to those governing the Allen and other six-day pedestrian feats. It must be three times successively or held for eighteen months before becoming personal property. The challenges must be for not less than $250 a side, and anybody can join in the match by paying that amount. The minimum distance-limit is 500 miles.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, San Francisco.—George Wright's name appeared as the shortstop in the published scores of all the games played by the Cincinnatis in San Francisco, Cal., in 1869. He may have caught in a few innings of one of these games, relieving Allen; but, to the best of doubtful if he did so, as Waterman generally acted as the change-catcher.

H. B. M., Philadelphia.—1. There is no fixed time for the beginning of the Spring races. 2. The pool-rooms change their location. Anybody who visits either city will have no difficulty in finding a pool-room in full blast. 3. Yes. Your writing is not good, but your weight is fair. 4. Your questions are rather too numerous for one session.

W. L., Washington.—Other have been made, but runs of record higher than five hundred points at billiards. The highest record at the four-ball game is to be found in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC. The highest at the three-ball game will also be found in THE ALMANAC for 1880, to be issued Jan. 5. It is 660.

WALKER, Newark.—It is a bet, whether the money is put up or not, and whether the parties are friends or strangers. When the money is put up, the bet is said to be confirmed. Prior to that, either can call upon the other to put up, and in the event of the latter's refusal to do so the former can declare the bet off.

L. I. K.—L was not security. He merely promised to pay the note out of his own dollars as soon as they were earned any from him (L). Had B left L's employ immediately after he got the clothes, the tailor would have been "left," in consequence of the peculiar nature of this "security."

JAMES MITCHELL.—Have written to Washington for the information, and will answer as soon as it is received.

F. F.—Toledo, O., *Blade*, *Commercial* and *Journal*; Kansas City, Mo., *Times*, *Journal of Commerce* and *Post and Tribune*. Do not know of any place in this city where you can purchase them.

INDIAN CLUB, Plymouth.—1. It is not. Clubs of that weight are too heavy for regular practice or use on the stage. 2. Neither Hill nor any other public performer uses one, much less two clubs of that "heft." He usually swings a pair weighing about ten pounds each, which is quite heavy enough for the purpose.

S. E. R., St. Louis.—Sexton made the best single average, and Slosson the best general average, in the recent tournament. Sexton should have made the best run, as he was the only player whose high run (112) was recorded summarily by the full length of the game being reached. At that time, too, he had the balls together on the rail.

A. G. H., Jersey City.—There were no prize-fights. The individual performers of each band engaged in the Jubilee received a commemorative medal. The band of the Garde Républicaine, ranked first, according to the musical judgment of many hearers.

J. F., Sharon.—1. Liverpool, Eng., is not a city. Manchester is the largest of population than Birmingham, because the former and Salford are usually included in this respect, while Birmingham stands all alone. 2. London is the largest commercial city in the world.

ENOS, Urbana.—In "shich-and-kick" the performer must spring from kick and alight upon the same foot. The object kicked at is usually a tambourine suspended from the horizontal projecting arm of an upright post, made so as to set firmly on level ground.

MAJOR.—1. At railroad euchre you can elect to go alone and can call for your partner's best. As to whether you could get the deck-head or not, practice is divided. The grand is in no sense a recognized one. 2. We are served at present, thank you.

SUBSCRIBER, Springfield.—1. James Fisk Jr. was shot on Jan. 6, 1872. 2. The Grand Duke Alexis was in this city in 1871-2. 3. That is a matter which is altogether too much one of individual opinion for us to say anything about in print.

STAKEHOLDER, Pittsburg.—Both bets stand. A will win the first if the official canvas shows that Cornell has 15,000 more votes than Robinson, as it was "that or nothing over Robinson" that was stipulated for; and A will lose the second bet if Cornell has not 20,000 over all other candidates.

TWO BRAINS.—We can decide bets only when time data is of record, unless both parties to the bet agree to leave out the question of record. The fastest record time for 100 yards in America is 10s., but the distance has been run faster in a flying start in 9⅘s.

B. B. AND O., Des Moines.—1. It is on record that Weston traveled 550 miles 110 yards when he won the Astley belt at Agricultural Hall, London, in 1878. 2. Barney Frain defeated Ned Grant in England and Jack Grady and Tom Bradshaw in the States. 3. No.

F. M.—1. No arrangement has yet been made. When time and place have been fixed, you will see a notice thereof in THE CLIPPER. 2. Entrance-fee to O'Leary belt, $500. 3. No; that will be settled by the contestants.

MORALITY HALL, St. John.—1. We do not know. 2. See the card of Ed. James, who this week advertises a set of "Bonanza," which is the only one we have heard of for sale in a long while. There are six volumes.

H. B., Philadelphia.—Nothing having been bid, the man who took the bet should not throw up his hand on that account, unless it has been agreed to play that way. Some people do play in that way.

C. V. B., Eureka.—There is no difference, at least in popular usage, between one foot square and one square foot. There is considerable difference, in any kind of usage, between two feet square and two square feet.

W. B. S., Baltimore.—As the bet has been virtually decided, there is no need for us to ask the gentleman his age, which we do not wish to do; and the bet itself been cried, we would have answered before.

MIDGET, Buffalo.—As we understand your question, B has no right to mention what he has in his hand. However, as the game is played properly, one partner has no right to ask another anything.

C. J. HOWARD, Haverhill.—1. Send fifi cents to Ed. James, per address in advertisement, for a copy of "Practical Training." 2. No. 3. On steel skates, 4h. 57m. 3s.; rollers, no record.

J. S., Pittsburg.—The Thanksgiving-day comprehended by the spirit of the bet is that of November, 1879. We cannot catch the drift of your question, unless one of the contestants translates "funny business."

CONSTANT READER, Providence.—B is wrong. He cannot claim that which has no existence. Had there been "game" out, and a tie for it, he as non dealer would have been entitled to count it.

SPORT, Guelph.—We cannot decide the bet until we receive full information concerning the manner in which the match was done and the measurement made. Who were the officials?

J. F., Sharon.—1. Electricity is probably the quickest. This is a good betting point. It is impossible to tell how quick human thought is. 2. Watch for THE CLIPPER ALMANAC, to be issued about Jan. 5, 1880.

M. F., Fort Pembina.—Chas. Stoneham can say. Steamship time is computed between Queenstown (not Galway), Ireland, and New York. The trip has never been made inside of five days.

POPE LEO XIII.—An out-of-town inquirer, whose address has been mislaid, is informed that Leo XIII reads and understands the English language, but does not speak it with fluency.

FRITZ DEPPE, Brooklyn.—We know plenty of applicants, but do not know anyone who wants to back unknown horses.

J. L. C., Woodstock.—We are not at liberty to give names when the advertisers desire to hide their identity in that way.

C. M. W., Philadelphia.—The two poems are so much alike as to warrant us in declining the verses sent last week.

OLD SPORT.—For A to win, Foster had to have 10,000 votes in excess of those cast for all other candidates for the same office.

H. S.—There having been a call, the caller and the called player can be compelled to show their hands to the board.

J. K., Sayre.—You can order your partner down and can play it alone at euchre. Partners do not order each other up. Opponents do that.

PITTSBURG.—There can be but one shot in opening the game of fifteen ball-pool. If the striker fails to hit a ball, it is a mark against him.

T. F., Boston.—Cornell College is not a free one, but it is possible to make it a very cheap one to the student who is bright and economical.

P. H., Columbus.—Four aces will beat four deuces at card poker, but at dice-poker four deuces will beat four aces unless otherwise agreed upon.

W. S., Penn Station.—Let the stakeholder settle it. When it is referred to us by both parties to the bet, it will be time enough for us to give a decision.

STUB, Susquehanna.—1. The prize is between A and B. They can play off or sell out. 2. The official canvas has not been completed.

E. I., Germantown.—It was right for B to insist upon spades being the trump. C must stand the penalty of his mistake.

E. A. W., Boston.—We have searched our file for the current year, but failed to find an account of any race in which Hanlan engaged.

N. H. R., Reading.—The turned up jack goes out before the high.

G. P. A., Brooklyn.—The estimated population of Europe in 1879 was 314,282,821.

CONSTANT READER, Boston.—Harry Lazarus was killed Jan. 3, 1868, and Priety was hung on Aug. 17, 1868.

BALDWIN, Pa.—The pile being "aces," nothing but an ace can take it.

EVERETT PAUL.—Yes. W. Perkins walked eight miles, in 59m. 3s., June 3, 1874.

L. D. AND S.—1. No. 2. He has the bar in the theatre you mention. 3 and 4. Ask a physician.

W. J., Schaefer is a few months younger than Slosson or Sexton.

H. C. B., St. Louis.—1. Flora Temple's best time was 2:19¾. 2. Sleepy Tom's time is 2:12¾, we believe.

DRAW, Brooklyn.—In case of a misdeal at draw-poker, there is no change of dealer.

E. Q., Jersey City.—The cut being jack and ace at euchre, the jack wins the deal.

J. F. K., Johnstown.—Harriman and Ennis had each two laps taken from them. Rowell was not penalized.

W. S., Hamilton.—The steamer Atlantic was wrecked April 1, 1873. No answers by mail.

E. CRANE, St. Louis.—Will give a *resume* of the games in question at an early date.

PHIL, Phila.—There are some that will not change as well. Others will change at the end of a year.

H. M.—If you can the Draft Riot in N. y city, it began on July 13, 1863.

J. S., Fort Pembina.—The five-fingers can be reneged from the ace of hearts, and so can the jack.

D. A. E., Olmsted.—He who is satisfied cannot play alone at euchre, unless otherwise agreed upon

BILLOCK.—The game is played in different ways. Agree upon some method, and adhere to it.

F. P. B., Gloucester.—The turned up jack counts, notwithstanding that the cards ran out.

E. J. D., New Brunswick.—Your only chance to secure it would be to address the publishers of that paper.

DAVE COTTAR.—Yes; your card will go in a space of five lines, and cost 75 cents for each insertion.

A SUBSCRIBER.—"Annie," "Shadowed Fancy," "To Dick Devlin," "I Know a Charming Maid."

BILLY, Monmouth.—New York and Brooklyn are different cities, in the census and out of it.

A POLITICIAN.—The official canvas has not been announced.

M. K., Cohoes.—He is not compelled to show any more cards than those which justified his having opened the pot.

CONSTANT READER, Phila.—Do you mean two or twelve miles?

J. K. TERRY, Jersey City.—We did not publish his portrait.

M. F.—The bet is binding.

C. L., Wyoming.—The fastest 50-mile time, running, by a pedestrian, is 6h. 17m. No record for 100 miles.

JAMES O'LEARY.—Not necessarily. Better obtain the advice of a physician.

L. F. F., Boston Highlands.—We know of no such paper.

E. S., Germantown.—In 4, 4, 3, 3, 3, 5, 4, 3, the player of the square is entitled to a run of five.

P. J. S., St. Louis.—After 14, the cards running 4, 3, 3, 4, there is no run.

G. B. S., Waltham.—It was a mislead, and B could object to any compromise on the part of beggar and dealer.

F. F. V., Columbus.—Eugene Carter had never before played in a tournament with first class men.

ARWOOD, Southington.—"Give one, give all," is the rule.

F. TRACY, Baltimore.—It was answered in this column.

J. M., Blanck.—Fiora Temple's best record was 2:19¾.

J. H.—Jack, the highest encore-card, wins the deal.

D. W. B., Meadville.—They would not be of service.

J. L. R., Reading.—Why not give routes ahead?

M. H., Chicago.—Dexter's best record is 2:17¼.

SUBSCRIBER, Stamford.—C was not security.

G. R. W.—Address him in care of this office.

BENEFITS AND ECONOMY.

Rarely does it happen that a theatrical season passes without affording opportunities to the public for contributing, through the agency of a benefit performance, towards the relief of some needy actor or his family. It may be doubted whether the public responds to these appeals solely, or even chiefly, on the score of charity. The public is a many-sided creature, neither wholly selfish, as the disappointed poet is apt to sing, nor yet wholly disinterested, as the philanthropist would fain believe. It is quite willing to pay its dollar-and-a-half for a benefit, provided always that it gets its money's worth in the form of a first-class entertainment. It is as natural as harmless that the needy actor himself should hold to the belief that his personal popularity draws the crowd; but we have a lingering suspicion that if a benefit-bill contained only unknown names, or was made up exclusively of an ancient cotton-eating conjurer, a two-legged horse and the broken spars of a road-wrecked "Pinafore," no amount of personal popularity would succeed in filling the benches.

However, apart from the motive which may prompt public response to the benefit appeal, it is a fact that this form of charity is regarded as a kind of inherent right among the profession. The records of the stage show that the custom is very far from being a new one. And yet we do not remember that it has ever been charged, even by the enemies of the theatre, that there is anything in the actor's art which fosters a spirit of dependence on others, or which leads its followers to expect substantial rewards without corresponding personal effort. Rich prizes there are in the realm of theatric art; but it must be admitted that these prizes have never been attained except by patient labor and unselfish devotion to the requirements of the profession. It is not difficult to explain why the outside world is so often called upon to give a helping hand to the actor in need. His calling brings him into closer relations with the public at large—relations in which his personality stands out more clearly revealed—than that of any other artist. We care nothing, for example, about the temperament, the physical graces, or the mental eccentricities of a Gerome or Meyer von Bremen. It is enough that we get a bit of canvas, glowing with life, exquisite in detail, eloquent with color. The work satisfies the eye; and so long as it does this, the hand that produced it may be unknown or forgotten. So it is with the poet, to a measurable degree; so, indeed, with all other arts, save that of the stage. Here we cannot dissociate the artist from his art. We are brought into contact with the man himself, and his magnetism, his presence, and the very flashing of his eye compel us to judge of the character he draws on a flesh-and-blood basis. If any superfine critic has professed the ability to do otherwise, or has deceived himself into the belief that he can analyze, say Mr. Booth's Hamlet, without unconsciously dealing more with Mr. Booth than with Hamlet, then it is only a deception which he would do well to rid himself of. Well, when the actor who has enjoyed even a fair share of distinction comes to grief, he turns to the public, not as a stern tribunal which has passed judgment upon him, but as a sympathetic, large-hearted friend. And the public, in turn, conscious of that recognized relationship which exists between itself and the actor, responds to the appeal more or less generously, as the circumstances may warrant. All this seems to us right and proper. The proverbial generosity of the profession itself has a right to expect something in return. And more than that, as we have pointed out, the public is pretty apt to benefit itself by attending the performance, for it gets a good deal more in the benefit-bill than could be purchased at the regular box-office. For this reason, the charity extended through theatrical benefits may be looked upon as an advantageous investment. It is certainly a high-toned and business-like way of asking for aid when, in return for the ordinary price of admission to a first-class theatre, the Order of Elks gives the choice cuts of half-a-dozen strong bills. Few men have enjoyed wider personal popularity than did Ned Adams; and yet, at that memorable entertainment given in the Academy of Music for the benefit of the dying actor's wife, the gentlemen who had the matter in hand wisely offered a programme which should, and doubtless would, have filled the house if Ned Adams had never brightened the world by his existence. We are to remember, too, that in the Adams benefit, as in many others, it was the profession that contributed, not alone their services, but largely of their means. So, in whatever light it may be viewed, we cannot see that the benefit performance in any way demeans or belittles the actor's noble art.

But how happens it that in a profession where even moderate success brings a generous income—where those who mount the highest rounds are often able to earn in a single week more than the industrious mechanic can in a year—how happens it that at the close of their active career so many men and women of the stage find themselves almost penniless? It is no exaggeration, certainly, to say that the actor of average ability and industry earns a much larger sum than does the average clerk or bookkeeper or mechanic. This is making due allowance for the uncertainties attending theatrical engagements, and for the considerable period of time when the actor is necessarily idle. It does not suppose the person to have achieved any very great fame in his profession. It takes a very safe mean, avoiding on the one hand the fabulous salaries which are sometimes reported to be paid, and on the other the meagre returns which compensate the newly-fledged super. Certainly it takes no fairly good actor to unreasonable heights of expectation when he sets out to earn forty dollars a week. And yet how many clerks or salesmen or book-keepers or mechanics, the country over, can get hail of that sum for their services? While we may assume that the actor on forty dollars a week will die poor, as he has lived poor, it is quite within the probabilities that the economical clerk or industrious mechanic will be able to bequeath a snug little fortune to his family. Shall we, then, jump at the conclusion that the actor is a dissolute spendthrift? Some eminently respectable theorists have done so, and drawn a moral to suit their case. But the actor is no dissolute spendthrift. As a rule, the profession compels poverty, not by its vices, but by its virtues. As a rule, the actor is a warm-hearted, open-handed man, who deals so largely with the mimic world of the stage that he never learns to deal sharply with the grasping world outside. If money flows abundantly into his pockets, it generally flows out freely and charitably. Somehow, in spite of all moralizing and maxims and examples, the world has ever had a certain admiration for reckless generosity and an inward contempt for methodical economy. The Charles Surfaces somehow strike us as more manly than their brothers Joseph in life as well as in the play. The Devil may be in it, but we can't help liking them, though they sell the portrait of every ancestor on their genealogic tree.

But economy is not meanness. The younger members of the profession will do well to bear that in mind. They follow a calling which subjects them to unusual temptations—and not the least of these is the temptation to spend more money than they can afford. Dazzled, perhaps, by the success of some newly-discovered star, and counting confidently upon the time when they shall make an equally happy hit, they spend the last dollar of their salaries with a superb indifference regarding the morrow. But the morrow is certain to come, while the lucky hit is extremely problematical. In any event, it will be wiser to defer extravagant expenditures until the hit has actually been made. Meantime, from what the present brings, it will be good policy to lay by something for the hour of want. An actor need not feel himself any the less an artist because he practices some of the simpler rules of business life. He need not feel himself any the less a man because he refuses to spend money foolishly. A little economy may enable him to provide for those dependent on his efforts, and to leave them something when he dies. Then, should the lucky hit never be made in this life, the benefit-performance will at least become a rarer necessity than it is to-day.

THE "ROULETTE FIEND" is what they call a female gambolier who has lately come into prominence in Europe. "The Rowley Fiend," the go-as-you-please-st, is also over there; but the claims of the two to public distinction are somewhat different.

A SCOTTISH TEAM of football players will visit this country in the Spring, on a pleasure excursion, "bringing their expenses with them," as they state They will also bring their Beveridge with them, Bev. being one of the players.

LEMON-PIES have gone out of fashion since the bakers took to improving them with a copper flavor. Even the great American pie-biter eschews the lately popular lemon-meringue.

OFF THE TRACK.—Our billiard-players having left the rail and taken to the macadamised road, some very pretty play may be looked for. Sexton is now the conductor.

FOOTBALL.

THE COLLEGE CHAMPIONSHIP—FIFTEENS vs. ELEVENS.

The College Club Football Championship contests for the season of 1879 ended on Thanksgiving-day, and the closing match was the most eventful one known in the history of football in America, for it was not only made specially noteworthy from the vast assemblage of spectators present on the occasion—the largest gathering of people seen at any ball match at Hoboken since the day of THE CLIPPER Silver-ball Match at baseball in 1866—but it proved to be the most exciting contest at the game ever played for the championship of the colleges. A report of the match appears in another part of this paper. What we have to refer to in this article is the question of changing the rules of the American College Association game so as to limit the contestants in a match to eleven men on each side, in the place of the fifteen a side which is now the rule of play. In the championship series this season Princeton defeated Harvard by one goal only, Yale had a draw with Harvard, and Princeton drew with Yale. In all three games touch-downs for safety had to be resorted to by both sides, thereby showing that the style of play involved more of defensive operations in the conflict than those of skillful strategic attack. That is, that mere muscle and weight were brought to bear more prominently in the game with fifteen on a side than was necessary in a match confined to eleven on a side, in the latter of which the strategic points of skillful "running-in" and of "passing" largely supersede mere "tackling" in a match, with the resultant gain of more opportunities for scientific play, and less risk of life-long injuries, which are an almost inevitable consequence of the rough, heavy-weight "tackling" feature of the present mode of playing with fifteen men on a side.

This season Yale seems to have gone in strong in the make-up of their team and in the style of play they adopted, so as to make the fifteen-men rule as objectionable to the other colleges as it is to Yale. They have practically argued by this plan of tactics that to get an odious law repealed the best way is to carry out its objectionable features to the very letter. Hence Yale's change of this season from their old plan of making rapid and skillful "passing" of the ball and other strategic points of play the feature of their game, to that of putting in heavy-weights in their fifteens, and depending upon nine "rushers" to win by the roughest kind of "tackling." This was the feature of the match at Hoboken on Thanksgiving-day. There was no "science" displayed in the contest on either side. It was little else than a continuous rough-and-tumble scramble for the ball by the heavy-weights of the respective teams, one consequence of which were discreditable personal quarrels which nothing but the prompt interposition of the captains of the teams prevented from ending in actual fights, the end of which no one could surmise, surrounded as the contestants were by such a vast assemblage of excited college-students. Here, too, comes in a matter of important consideration, and involving the introduction of severe penalties for the violation of the rules of gentlemanly play in this respect. Unless this "putting up of hands" in football matches is promptly put down, the game must fall into merited disrepute. Now, one effectual way of stopping these outbursts of fiery tempers is to remove the cause of them, and one prominent cause is the rough "tackling" of the heavyweight system of playing which the fifteen-men rule involves. Did the rules admit of the field of a contest being twice the size it now is, it would be different. But with a field of the size of that prescribed by the existing rules, fifteen men on a side make up a crowd of "rushers" through whose ranks it is almost impossible for an opposing runner to force his way, and the result is that the contest resolves itself into one of a battle of endurance in a succession of trials of mere muscular strength, rather than in a contest in which activity in running, skill in dodging, and the attractive features of strategic play are brought into special prominence.

IN BOSTON they advertise for hungry people to come up and get a free lunch—six courses every day, with a booming schooner of beer thrown in, for ten cents. Is there no enterprise of that kind in this city, or are we to be left to starve this Winter?

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BOSBYSHELL, Colonel William.—A prominent resident of Norristown, Pa., and a lawyer by profession. He served the Government with ability and capacity during the Rebellion—Norristown, Nov. 28, aged 80.

BRANICKI, Xavier.—A noted Polish patriot, who for many years has been a wanderer in foreign lands—Egypt, recently, aged 64.

BOOTH, Benjamin.—A wealthy farmer near New Castle, Del. 1876—He was elected a Presidential elector—New Castle, Nov. 25, aged 71.

BIGGS, Abel R.—A pioneer citizen of San Francisco, Cal.—there, Nov. 25, aged 70.

BUMSTEAD, Dr. Freeman J.—A prominent physician of this city, and president of the New York County Medical Society. His later years had been devoted to one of the most important subjects given to medical men. He had contributed translations and original monographs of permanent value—here, Nov. 28, aged 53.

BARTLETT, Jonathan Lafayette.—Of the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb at Hartford, Ct. He had been engaged in the instruction of deaf-mutes for fifty-one years—Hartford, Nov. 29, aged 74.

BRADLEY, James—Ex-Supervisor of Long Island City—Blissville, L. I., Nov. 30, aged 43.

BUTLER, Rev. William Ives—A prominent Congregational clergyman. He was born at New Haven, Ct., April 21, 1815, and was installed at the age of twenty-five years as pastor of the First Congregational Church in Charlestown, Mass. He continued his labors in that field more than fourteen years, and after a few months' work in Philadelphia was installed pastor of the Clinton-avenue Church in Brooklyn, L. I., where he remained until he resigned, Dec. 22, 1878, the active pastorate of the church with which he had been for so long a period connected—Brooklyn, L. I., Dodetic-pl., Nov. 30.

BILLINGTON, Henry—A veteran of the War of 1812. He at one time published *The Philadelphia Price current*, and was at the age of sixty-two connected with the Washington Grays, of which company he was for a short time captain—Sunbury, Pa., Nov. 21, aged 84.

BOLTON, Rev. William—A well-known clergyman of Philadelphia, Pa. He was at an early period one of the directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company—Philadelphia, Nov. 26.

COE, John Edwin—Formerly senior member of a well-known Philadelphia firm of advertising agents—Cambridge, Mass., Nov. 23, aged 57.

CHESTER, Joseph L., LL.D., F.—For the past thirteen years cashier of the Philadelphia National Bank. He studied medicine and graduated, but did not practice his professional knowledge—Phila., Nov. 28, aged 63.

CHEVALIER, Michael—A noted French political economist, and the author of many works on that science—Paris, France, Islington, England, Nov. 28, aged 74.

COLE, Capt. George A.—Formerly captain of one of the Collins steamers. He was city-inspector of kerosene at Providence, Rhode Island.

COX, Edward William—A prominent English lawyer. He was a magistrate for Middlesex, and proprietor of *The Law Times*, *The Field*, and other London newspapers, the first-named being under his editorial supervision. He was the author of a number of works on legal subjects—London, Eng., cable dispatch dated Nov. 25, aged 70.

CLAY, Joseph—A well-known resident of Framingham Centre, Mass., which he had represented in the State Legislature of 1876—Framingham, Nov. 27, aged 38.

DUNN, Edward—A well-known retired United States Court at Wilmington, Del.—there, Nov. 29, aged 55.

DAMMING, August—An active spirit in the German revolutionary movement of 1848, which he was imprisoned for his political course, but escaped to this country—Newark, N. J., Nov. 23.

DAVIS, F. P.—One of the city surveyors of Philadelphia, Pa.—there, Nov. 26, aged 69.

DAVIS, Gen. Jefl. C.—A gallant soldier who had served with distinction in the Mexican War and in the Rebellion, commanding the Fourteenth Corps of Sherman's army in its march to the sea—Chicago, Ill., Nov. 30, aged 51.

ENGLERT, ——, Major of the United States Engineer Corps—St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 28.

HOMANS, I. Smith—An extensive operator in real estate, and at one time assisted with his father in the management of *The Bankers' Magazine*—Holyoke, Mass., Nov. 27, aged 46.

JACKSON, George Dugran—A member of the Pennsylvania Senate, where he had served five years—Dushore, Pa., Nov. 24, aged 52.

KERN, Max—A prominent citizen of New Haven, Ct.—there, Nov. 26, aged 33.

KOCH, John—One of the pioneer residents of Western New York—Williamsville, N. Y., Nov. 22, aged 68.

LEE, Harvey W.—Depot passenger-agent of the Erie Railway at Buffalo, N. Y.—that city, Nov. 22, aged 70.

LAMBTON, George Frederick D'Arcy—The Earl of Durham—London, Eng., Nov. 26, aged 51.

MILLER, Hiram—One of the oldest members of the Prodigal Exchange—this city—there, Nov. 23, aged 68.

MORGAN, Professor Joseph Ashbury—For many years a professor in the Baltimore City College—Baltimore, Md., Nov. 30, aged 61.

MCCLINTOCK, Dr. Jonas R.—A prominent citizen of Pittsburg, Pa., where he had been elected Mayor in 1836, and subsequently Justice of the Peace. In 1841 he was appointed assayer in the Philadelphia Mint, a position he held for seven years. In 1850 he was elected to the lower House of the State Legislature, and in 1851 he was elected to the State Senate—Pittsburg, Nov. 23, aged 69.

MCCALL, Alexander—Formerly one of the proprietors and editors of *The Troy Whig*, and afterwards proprietor of *The York Gazette* which was merged into *The Journal of Commerce*—Troy, N. Y., Dec. 1, aged 80.

NICOLL, Helt.—A well-known lawyer of this city. He was one of the founders of the New York Bar Association, and represented the then Third District of this city in the Thirtieth Congress—here, Nov. 28, aged 68.

PILLOT, Jacob—For many years a shipmaster—Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 27.

POOLE, J. Morton—A well-known citizen of Wilmington, Del., having been prominently connected with the business interests for over thirty years—Wilmington, Nov. 28, aged 67.

PIKER, Shara—A centenarian of this city—here, Nov. 25, aged 103.

PEACKHAM, Erastus D.—A leading resident of Oswego County, N. Y.—Volney, Nov. 29.

ROEBUCK, John Arthur—A noted English political writer, and a member of Parliament for many years—Sheffield, Eng., cable-dispatch dated Nov. 30, aged 77.

SMITH, Solomon A.—A well-known banker of Chicago, Ill., and president of the Merchants' Savings Loan and Trust Bank—Chicago, Nov. 25, aged 64.

SAWYER, Hon. Charles—A prominent citizen of East Hampton, Mass.—there, Nov. 25, aged 90.

TURNER, Lewis—A member of the Maryland Legislature—Baltimore, Nov. 28.

TOWNSEND, Collector Wm. Blake—Editor of *The Sussex Journal*—Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 24, aged 43.

TOWNSEND, Samuel—One of the oldest residents of Athens, O.—there, Nov. 22.

TRANCHARD, Dr. J. F. R.—A well known French homœopathic physician of this city—here, Nov. 25, aged 70.

VAZANDT, Charles—A well-known citizen of Philadelphia, Pa., who had been connected in an official capacity with the Court of Quarter Sessions of that city for the past thirty-seven years—Philadelphia, Nov. 29, aged 57.

VAN WAGONER, James—An ex-District-attorney of Kingston, N. Y.—there, Nov. 26.

VANDERBURGH, Richard—One of the oldest residents of New Antioch, O.—there, Nov. 24.

VAN NOSTRAND, Professor Jacob—One of the most widely known instructors of deaf-mutes in this country, and for many years a teacher in the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb—this city, Nov. 29, aged 66.

WEST, Joseph H.—Prominent lawyer of Clinton County, O.—there, Nov. 25, aged 56.

PIGEON-FLY.—On Thanksgiving-day seven pigeons contended in a race for $10 to the winner, $5 to second, and $3 to third, the distance flown being thirteen miles, from Newark to St. George's Hotel, Paterson, N. J. Result: Robert Collinge, blue, 22m. 30s.; Edwin Bramhall, ash, 24m. 18s.; Robert Collinge, ash, 31m. 5s.; William Walton, ruffle, 31m. 55s.; William Walton, blue, 38m. 55s.; William Pearson, blue, 26m. 56s.; Oswald Blakeley, blue, not timed.

ATHLETIC.

MANHATTAN ATHLETIC CLUB.

Emulating the example set by their neighbors, the Scottish-Americans, last year the Manhattan Club announced that the entries to their Thanksgiving games would be free this Fall. The consequence was that hundreds of men and boys never before heard of publicly entered, not with any intention of taking part in the competitions, but solely to see their names on a programme (doubtless for the first and last time), and increase the labors of the hand-cappers, whose duties were on this occasion far more onerous than usual, and the office is seldom to be regarded in the light of a sinecure. Many of those who did take part had no idea of winning a place, nor getting near the head of their class, but simply joined in for the sake of the privileges it secured them, free of charge, while others were desirous of being seen in good athletic company without regard to their position in the race. One would think that the experience of Thursday last ought to convince the Manhattanites of the utter folly of holding games upon such terms, tending as it does to unnecessarily add to the labors of the workers, and transform the races into ridiculous scrambles, instead of the interesting competitive trials which under different circumstances they might be. The officials had their hands full, but fortunately none of the events required any great length of time to decide, and, despite the large number of heats, the programme was worked off in good season, and the participants were afforded an opportunity to enjoy the Thanksgiving turkey and dinner ere daylight had gone. The only event calling for special mention was the attempt of Charles Price, ten-mile champion of England, to eclipse Pat Fitzgerald's record (best in America) for a five-mile run, 26m. 38⅗s. This he did, covering the distance in 26m. 22⅘s., and winning by sixteen seconds. We need only give the results of the other contests: 75yds. run, handicap—C. S. Hamberg, G. A. C. (8yds. start); time, 8¾s. One-mile walk, handicap—T. H. Martin, P. A. C. (80sec.); time, 8m. 5¾s. One-mile bicycle race—L. B. Johnson, Essex B. C., 1; D. Roach, Dauntless B. C., 2; time, 3m. 36⅘s. 220yds. run—S. S. Leo, Yonkers Lyceum; time, 27½sec. Tug-of-war, teams of two men—Crescent A. C. team, J. E. Thomas, E. H. Bowly, won. One-mile walk, special—W. O'Keefe, M. A. C. (38sec.); time, 7m. 24⅖s. 600yds. run—J. Herbert, P. A. C. (65sec.); time, 1m. 16⅕s. Three-legged race, 200yds, —L. E. Myers and T. A. McEwen, M. A. C.; time, 35½sec. Half-mile consolation race—H. P. Todd; time, 2m. 23¼s. The low price of admission—twenty-five cents—attracted a throng which fully tested the holding capacity of these convenient but not very spacious grounds, and the officials deserve praise for their successful efforts to prevent the invasion of the inner ring by the spectators. The club were blessed with fine weather, which was in itself a good reason for the full turn-out, and, as a consequence, satisfactory turn-ins to the Manhattan treasury.

WESTCHESTER HARE-AND-HOUNDS.

The passengers aboard of the 9.15 train from the Grand Central Depot on Thanksgiving-morning were somewhat surprised to see a large party of merry young men, some of whom carried bugles, and the question was asked: "Are they going to a clam-bake or a fox-hunt?" They were the Westchester Hare-and-hounds Club going to participate in their first hunt of the season, which concluded Schrader's Hotel, Woodlawn, at 10 A. M., and lost no time in donning their running-suits. The hares for the occasion were L. N. Berte and G. H. Hillwig; master of the hunt, J. D. Ribbet; whippers-in, R. Van Riper and W. O. Merrell. The hounds were H. J. Boyd, T. B. Bates, O. G. Bates, J. B. Daly, W. J. Duffy, A. T. Emrich, J. B. Haviland, W. J. K. Kendrick, D. B. Keeler, J. B. Arnold, Percy Neyman, T. H. Noonan, A. W. Rose, Geo. Vosburg, C. E. White, George Newman, George Dolde and W. S. Rankin. The start was forward Moleson, fired the pistol at 10.35, and off the hares started up Central avenue at a good pace. Ten minutes later the hounds followed. After an absence of three hours and ten minutes, the hares arrived back at the hotel, and their appearance suggested that they had covered some pretty rough country, clothes being torn, hands scratched, etc. The hounds made their appearance thirty-five minutes later. The distance covered was about twenty-two miles, across rivers and through swamps, towards White Plains. After a change of clothing they all sat down to a bountiful dinner, with plenty of fluids to wash down the solids. Speeches followed by Messrs. Berte, Haviland, Moleson and Vosburgh. Then to the parlor, where singing and dancing wound up what proved to be a very enjoyable Thanksgiving. The next hunt takes place Christmas-day.

ASTORIA ATHLETIC CLUB.

The members of this Long Island club held games on the Ravenswood grounds on Nov. 27, which, although not unusually long, but tardiness characterized the management, and, consequently, more than seven hours were consumed in getting to the bottom of the list. The weather when they commenced wrestling was pretty fair, but it brightened up later on, and a very pleasant time was enjoyed. The results were: 220yds. hurdle handicap—S. H. Cornell (20yds. start), won in 31sec. One-mile walk—G. J. P. Chambers (15sec.); time, 8m. 25s. 220yds. run—R. Schilke Jr. (12yds.); time, 28⅗s. Tug-of-war, club-teams of four men each—S. H.

BASEBALL.

CINCINNATI vs. CHICAGO.

The best game yet played by the Eastern clubs in San Francisco, Cal., was the one at the Recreation Grounds on Nov. 22. Up to the last half of the ninth inning it was impossible to name the winner, so closely was the fielding on both sides, no one getting as far as third base, and but two reaching second. The decided feature was the catching of Williamson. Force at short fielded magnificently, some of his stops being exceedingly difficult. Reily the substitute covered first base in good form. Score:

CINCINNATI.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	CHICAGO.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Hotaling, c.	4	4	0	0	1	0	Dalrymple, lf	4	0	0	2	0	0
McVey, 3d b.	4	0	1	1	0	0	Williamson, c	4	0	0	10	1	0
Rowe, l. f....	4	1	1	0	0	0	Gore, r. f....	4	0	1	0	0	0
Clapp, c....	4	0	0	1	0	0	Carey, s. s...	4	0	0	1	1	0
Galvin, p....	3	0	1	1	6	0	Remsen, 1b..	4	0	0	8	0	0
Smith, 2d b..	3	0	0	3	2	1	Quest, 2d b..	3	0	1	3	3	0
Purcell, r. f.	3	0	0	1	0	0	McCormick, p	3	0	1	1	4	0
Reily, 1st b..	3	0	0	15	0	0	Sweeney, c.f.	3	0	0	1	0	1
Force, s. s...	3	0	1	0	5	0	Gillett, c. f..	3	0	0	1	0	1
Totals....	31	1	4	27	15	2	Totals....	32	0	3	27	9	3

Cincinnati.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—1
Chicago.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Earned runs—Cincinnati, 1. Home-runs—Rowe. First base on errors—Cincinnati, 2; Chicago, 2. Struck out—Cincinnati, 4; Chicago, 3. Passed balls—None. Wild pitches—None. Umpire, John Leary. Time, 2h.

UNION vs. CALIFORNIA.

A match between the above-named clubs, for the benefit of Andrew J. Piercy, at San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 22, was well attended. The Unions, by superior fielding and batting, succeeded in "whitewashing" their opponents. The errors of Smith and Magendie were very costly. Mast, Piercy and Denny played most of the game for the Union. A one-handed catch of a "hot liner" by Cullen and the batting of Dallas are noteworthy.

UNION.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	CALIFORNIA.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Cullen, s. s.	5	1	1	1	3	0	Sweeney, c	4	0	0	3	0	2
Denny, lb..	5	2	1	11	0	0	French, p....	4	0	1	1	2	1
Hamilton, 3b	5	1	0	0	1	1	Graham, lb..	4	0	0	15	0	3
Williams, r. f.	4	1	0	1	0	0	Rice, c. f....	3	0	0	3	0	1
Dallas, c....	4	1	3	1	0	0	Phillips, l. f..	3	0	1	1	0	0
Sharkey, l. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0	Carr, r. f....	3	0	0	2	0	1
Keating, 2b..	4	0	1	1	2	0	McDonald, 3b	3	0	0	1	1	0
Mast, p....	4	0	1	1	11	0	Magendie, 2b	3	0	0	0	4	2
Piercy, c....	4	0	1	10	6	0	Smith, s. s..	3	0	0	1	5	4
Totals....	39	8	8	27	21	2	Totals....	30	0	2	27	15	14

Union.....	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	3	3—8
California....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Two base hit—Denny. First base on errors—Union, 6; California, 2. Bases on called balls—Union, 1; California, 3. Passed ball—Sweeney, 1. Struck out—Union, 1; California, 10. Double-plays—Carr and Graham, Magendie, Smith and Graham. Umpire, John Duane. Time, 2h. 15m.

THE LEAGUE ASSOCIATION.

The League Convention, which begins at Pierce's Palace Hotel, Buffalo, on Wednesday, Dec. 3, will be the most important meeting of the Association yet held. Hitherto the president of the League has had his own way in controlling the organization, and the result has been anything but satisfactory to the majority of the League clubs. Up to 1879 Boston bore patiently with the encroachments of the Chicago Club on the rights of the majority; but the overthrow of Harry Wright from his old place with his players was the last straw, and now Boston for the first time takes up an independent position, and well got it strong for a change in the League management. Among the candidates for the presidency will be Messrs. Sage of Buffalo, Soden of Boston, and Root of Providence, all good and true men. As the former occupies a sort of independent position between the last and West, he will most likely be the candidate of the majority; but the Buffalo papers say authoritatively that the Buffalo Club will not accept the presidency unless the League adopts a tariff. Moreover, there is a point in dispute in which the Buffalo and Cincinnati clubs are immediately concerned which will prove a fruitful source of contention in the future. The question involved is this: Clapp was one of the reserved five of the Buffalo team, and he could not legally be engaged by any other League club without the special consent of the Buffalos. The new Cincinnati club has engaged him, and with him in their team claim admission to the League. The Troy Club have similar trouble in regard to Hines. Take it altogether, the affairs of the League are decidedly in a condition which will require skilful legislation and mutual compromises to escape from a serious secession of members, if not a breaking up of the organization. What is required, though, is that the League shall no longer be run as a sectional organization while ostensibly claiming to be national; and, also, that it shall be run in the interests of any one club, as it is charged it thus far has been.

LATER BASEBALL NOTES.

A nine assuming the name of Chicago have been engaged to play during the Winter months in San Francisco, Cal., and will be under the management of the proprietors of Recreation Grounds, in that city. Gillett, late of Omahas will act as catcher, McCormick and Casey of the Clevelands respectively pitcher and short-stop, Leary of the Bostons, first base, with the addition of Dalrymple, Quest, Williamson, Dalrymple, Remsen and Gore of last season's Chicagos..... A convention of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Brown, Dartmouth baseball players will shortly be held, when arrangements will be made governing the contests for the college championship next season. Dr. Hammett is the latest date of interest in connection with Cornwall, died in Hazard's sumptuous quarters, on Thanksgiving Day..... A new club is being organized at San Francisco, Cal., and it is said that Devlin has been engaged as the pitcher. A one-handed catch of a "hot liner" by Cullen and the batting of Dallas are noteworthy.

Oxden, s. s.. 5 1 1 1 3 0 | French, p.... 4 0 1 1 2 1
Denny, lb.. 5 2 1 11 0 0 | Graham, lb.. 4 0 15 0 3
Hamilton, 3b 5 1 0 0 1 1 | Rice, c. f.... 3 0 0 3 0 1
Williams, r. f. 4 1 0 1 0 0 | Phillips, l. f.. 3 0 1 1 0 0
Dallas, c.... 4 1 3 1 0 0 | Carr, r. f.... 3 0 0 2 0 1
Sharkey, l. f. 4 0 0 1 0 0 | McDonald, 3b 3 0 0 1 1 0
Keating, 2b.. 4 0 1 1 2 0 | Magendie, 2b 3 0 0 0 4 2
Mast, p.... 4 0 1 1 11 0 | Smith, s. s.. 3 0 0 1 5 4
Piercy, c.... 4 0 1 10 6 0 | Totals.... 30 0 2 27 15 14

Totals.... 39 8 8 27 21 2

Union.....	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	3	3—8
California....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Two base hit—Denny. First base on errors—Union, 6; California, 2. Bases on called balls—Union, 1; California, 3. Passed ball—Sweeney, 1. Struck out—Union, 1; California, 10. Double-plays—Carr and Graham, Magendie, Smith and Graham. Umpire, John Duane. Time, 2h. 15m.

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Oxden, s. s. 5 1 1 1 3 0 | Sweeney, c 4 0 0 3 0 2
Denny, lb.. 5 2 1 11 0 0 | French, p.... 4 0 1 1 2 1
Hamilton, 3b 5 1 0 0 1 1 | Graham, lb.. 4 0 15 0 3
Williams, r. f. 4 1 0 1 0 0 | Rice, c. f.... 3 0 0 3 0 1
Dallas, c.... 4 1 3 1 0 0 | Phillips, l. f.. 3 0 1 1 0 0
Sharkey, l. f. 4 0 0 1 0 0 | Carr, r. f.... 3 0 0 2 0 1
Keating, 2b.. 4 0 1 1 2 0 | McDonald, 3b 3 0 0 1 1 0
Mast, p.... 4 0 1 1 11 0 | Magendie, 2b 3 0 0 0 4 2
Piercy, c.... 4 0 1 10 6 0 | Smith, s. s.. 3 0 0 1 5 4
Totals.... 39 8 8 27 21 2 | Totals.... 30 0 2 27 15 14

Union..... 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 3 3—8
California.... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

Two base hit—Denny. First base on errors—Union, 6; California, 2. Bases on called balls—Union, 1; California, 3. Passed ball—Sweeney, 1. Struck out—Union, 1; California, 10. Double-plays—Carr and Graham, Magendie, Smith and Graham. Umpire, John Duane. Time, 2h. 15m.

CRICKET.

REVIEWING THE SEASON.

The Staten Island Club.

When that thorough gentleman and true cricketer, the late Mr. Cater of the St. George Club, organized the Staten Island Cricket Club, some years ago, he had no idea that the club would in a few years be a veteran organization of the country. But the little coterie of cricketers which used to gather of an afternoon at the old Camp Washington ground, Staten Island, for practice, preliminarily to engaging in their club matches on the St. George ground, at Stapleton, has been transformed into a flourishing cricket association, which has borne off the honors of the metropolitan season. Possessing the most picturesquely-located cricket-field in the country, a large and independent membership, a ground of easy and pleasant access from the business portion of the city, it remained only for the club-management to transact the business of the Association with the necessary spirit of progress to make the organization successful. In doing this, the club has wisely brought to their aid the attractive features of the Ladies' Club, and by means of this they have made the grounds so pleasant to members during the regular field meetings of each week of the season that it has been rare to see the cricket-field of the Staten Island ground unoccupied on a fine Summer afternoon. Then, too, they have encouraged the junior element of their club to a considerable extent, though not so much as they should have done; for it is on their younger players that a club should mainly depend for new and efficient blood to replace that taken from the grating of old players of other clubs, as our local cricket organizations have always been too prone to do. Moreover, the Staten Island Club have given a wider range to their second-eleven teams in past seasons than any local club has done, and this is another step in the path of improved club-management. But there has been one drawback, and that is the club have still adhered to that old obstacle to the popularizing of cricket in the metropolis, "revolving." The promise is, however, that the coming season will see the Staten Island Club repudiate this system to a considerable extent, if not entirely. Not only does the welfare of the club demand that they should do so, but, while revolving is allowed, none of that spirit can exist which is so essential to the success of a cricket club.

The Staten Island began play for the season of 1879 the first week in May, and their first club-contest was that in which their second eleven engaged with the St. George club at Hoboken; and it is worthy of note that the second eleven played in ten matches during the season, winning seven, three of which were with the first elevens of the Columbia, New York and Columbia College Clubs. The tour of the second eleven to Philadelphia was an important step in the right direction. Another interesting feature of the season was the contest between the juniors of the Staten Island and St. George Clubs—a contest in May between the first eleven of the club and the next twenty-two was a very interesting and enjoyable match; and the single-wicket tournament was another attraction of the club season, and one which drew more members to the cricket-field on practice-days than anything else the club projected. The advantage of these single-wicket contests is that they necessitate practice in fielding—something all our local clubs are deficient in. The first eleven only engaged in eight matches, and in these only a majority of first-eleven players took part, viz., Messrs. Moore, Bance, Sprague, M. Eyre Stevens, Ronaldson, Mylie, and Lane. Kessler played in only two club matches, Maning in but one, Donald in two, Adams in one, Jones in three, Lee in three, and Allen in two. By the season batting averages the first eleven of the season stand as follows: Harvey, Mylie, Lee, Kessler, Ronaldson, Moore, Bance, Jones, Roberts, Stevens and M. Eyre, not including Lane, who averaged 3.11 in all the matches played, adding the interclub-total games to their younger players that a club should mainly depend for new and efficient blood to replace that taken from the grating of old players of other clubs, as our local cricket organizations have always been too prone to do. Moreover, the Staten Island Club have given a wider range to their second-eleven teams in past seasons than any local club has done, and this is another step in the path of improved club-management. But there has been one drawback, and that is the club have still adhered to that old obstacle to the popularizing of cricket in the metropolis, "revolving." The promise is, however, that the coming season will see the Staten Island Club repudiate this system to a considerable extent, if not entirely. Not only does the welfare of the club demand that they should do so, but, while revolving is allowed, none of that spirit can exist which is so essential to the success of a cricket club.

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THEATRICAL RECORD.

DRAMATIC.

Continued from page 295.

FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE.—At half-past two o'clock on the morning of Nov. 29 the Grand Opera-house, Toronto, Ont., was discovered to be on fire, and, as a heavy gale was blowing, the entire structure was destroyed in about one hour and a half. Robert Wright the stage-carpenter, who also officiated as janitor, occupied with his family—consisting of his wife and a little daughter named Mamie—apartments in the top story of the theatre. The flames cut off their means of escape by the stairway, and drove back the firemen who attempted to scale the walls and rescue them, and all three perished in the flames. William Scott, the gas-engineer, saved his life by jumping from a window about twenty feet from the ground. Daniel E. Bandmann and company, who were fulfilling an engagement, lost all of their wardrobe and stage-properties, Mr. Bandmann also losing a quantity of scenery he carried with him, besides, it is said, his entire theatrical wardrobe, estimated at $20,000. Miss Noxon of the company had her wardrobe at her hotel, and consequently sustained only a trifling loss. At nine o'clock Saturday morning the ruins were sufficiently cooled to enable the firemen to make a search, and the charred remains of Mr. Wright and his wife and child were found. A coroner's inquest was to have been held on them Dec. 1. Our correspondent, writing on Nov. 29, furnishes the following HISTORY OF THE THEATRE.

It was built in 1874 by a joint-stock company at a cost of about $75,000, and was opened for the season of 1874-5 in September of the former year under the management of Mrs. Charlotte Morrison, with a company including C. W. Couldock, Ben. G. Rogers, Aug. Pitou and others. The opening bill was "The School for Scandal," with Mrs. Morrison as Lady Teazle, the performances being under the patronage of the then Lieutenant-governor, Hon. John Crawford. Mrs. Morrison continued as manager for the next season, at the end of which time Mr. Manning became the purchaser, when he secured the services of Aug. Pitou as his manager, who continued in the position for the present time, to the satisfaction of both the owner and the public generally. The last performance was given by the Bandmann Company, who began an engagement Nov. 24, in "Hamlet," producing "The Merchant of Venice" 26, "Richelieu" 27, "Othello" 28, "Macbeth" 28 (the last performance), with "Narcisse" billed for matinee and "Richard III" night and 29. The attendance was fair. Mr. Bandmann and company have been billed ahead for the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Dec. 1, for two weeks (Our correspondent telegraphed Nov. 29 that Bandmann cancelled Philadelphia engagement; wardrobe completely destroyed. Appears at Royal this week for his own benefit."); Brooklyn, L. I., 8, Albany 15, one week each, Troy, one week; Queen's Opera-house to have opened here Dec. 1, for one week. The manager of the Royal Opera-house has offered Mr. Bandmann the use of that theatre for three nights a week, but he has accepted the offer. Tickets are to be sold at double prices.

ROBERT WRIGHT

was formerly an attache of the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., where he was first engaged as a fireman eight years ago, and after a time he became the assistant of Charles Hoffner the property-man. Mr. Wright afterwards went to Chicago, Ill., where he was engaged until the Centennial year, when he returned to the Walnut and resumed his old position under Mr. Hoffner. Under the rule of Mrs. Walcot of that theatre (a sister of Mrs. Morrison), Mr. Wright accepted an engagement in the Grand Opera-house, Toronto, where he had since remained. He deceased was about 36 years of age, his wife about 22, and his daughter Mamie 8. They left several relatives residing in Philadelphia.

TONY DENIER'S PANTOMIME COMPANY occupied the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., the past week, giving nine performances, says our correspondent, "to audiences which filled the lower part of the auditorium and packed the dress." Humpty Dumpty was given as the excellent rule, the second part introducing a kaleidoscope of specialties, prominent among which were E. C. Dunbar, Little Rosebud, the Davenport Brothers and "Punch" Walton. The company go to Chicago for one week, to be followed here by Haverly's Colored Georgia Minstrels.

.....Mary Anderson's repertoire in the Opera House comprised "The Lady of Lyons," 'Evadne,' 'Guy Mannering,' 'Ingomar,' 'Romeo and Juliet' and 'Love.' In several plays she was assisted by John W. Norton, these being his first appearances in this theatre since he became a proprietor. His many friends expected to find him rusty from long inactivity, but they were agreeably disappointed in this direction, as his performances lacked none of their former excellence. Business for the eight performances was phenomenally large, the seats being sold for each evening's entertainment days in advance, and latecomers were regularly greeted with 'Standing-room Only.' Naretzek's Opera Company opens Dec. 2. Mary Anderson's route is: Frankfort, Ky., Dec. 1, Lexington 2, 3, Louisville 4, 5, 6, Chillicothe, O., 8, Columbus 9, 10, Springfield 11, Dayton 12, 13, Youngstown, O., 15, Akron, 16, Cleveland, 17, 18, 19, 20.....Charles Pope, supported by a company organized from sojourning talent, with additions from the Belleville, Ill., Park Theatre Company, was the attraction, 24 to 29, at Turner's Hall-road Theatre, St. Louis. Business fair. Seats being sold for each evening's performance days in advance, and latecomers were regularly greeted with 'Standing-room Only.' Naretzek's Opera Company opens Dec. 2. Mary Anderson's route is: Frankfort, Ky., Dec. 1, Lexington 2, 3, Louisville 4, 5, 6, Chillicothe, O., 8, Columbus 9, 10, Springfield 11, Dayton 12, 13, Youngstown, O., 15, Akron, 16, Cleveland, 17, 18, 19, 20.....Charles Pope, supported by a company organized from sojourning talent, with additions from the Belleville, Ill., Park Theatre Company, was the attraction, 24 to 29, at Turner's Hall-road Theatre, St. Louis. Business fair.

THE FRENCH OPERA-HOUSE, New Orleans, La., was thrown open Nov. 24, for the first time in five years, for the presentation of grand opera. It was crowded from pit to dome, the Strakosch Italian-opera Company singing "Trovatore." "Puritani" was given 25. The season subscribed for is for twenty performances.

OVERLOOKED.—In the cast of "Pinafore" given by children in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 22, printed in our past issue, the name of Master W. A. Clark, who played the Sergeant of Marines, was omitted by our correspondent.

H. C. DOBSON, the well-known banjo-maker and teacher, presented to Co. F, Seventh Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., a very handsome banjo, valued at $100, for the benefit of the fair now going on at the new armory. The instrument is to be disposed of by lottery, and most of the chances have been taken.

A. BAUR'S NEW CATALOGUE of banjo-music is advertised in this issue.

FRANK B. CONVERSE, whose address find elsewhere, publishes a new, simple method for the banjo, and new banjo-music.

J. W. PEPPER, publisher of band and orchestra music, inserts his card in our business department.

Music is composed and arranged for exhibitions by Ned Straight, leader, who advertises.

A PIANO-PLAYER acquainted with the variety business desires an engagement. See "Pianist's" card.

EMINENTLY SUCCESSFUL, artistically and pecuniarily, was the Welsh Musical Festival held at the Centennial Exhibition, Philadelphia, Nov. 26, 27. Prizes were awarded to the Welsh Singing Clubs as follows: A gold cup to the Schuylkill and Carbon County Club, $500 and a silver cup to the Lackawanna Club of Luzerne County, and $250 to the Plymouth Club, also of Luzerne. The only other club competing was the Wilkesbarre, which consisted of singers picked from several other clubs. The singers numbered about 1,200. The judges were Profs. Hugh A. Clark of the University of Pennsylvania, Wm. Wolsieffer and Michael H. Cross.

"F. L. G." the new American comedian, says Manager Cross, of Cross's Opera-house, Wheeling, W. Va., 5, 6, Pittsburg 8, and Williamsburg 15, one week each. Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels open Dec. 1, and the "Miss" Combination 8. .....The Hyers Sisters' Combination appeared in the Academy of Music 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, Nov. 1, to poor business. Route: Sharon 4, Greenville 5, Meadville 6, Oil City 8, Titusville 9, Erie 10. Harry Webber's "Nip and Tuck" Combination are announced Dec. 1 for one week.....Louise Sylvester, T. F. Egbert, A. H. Canby and J. Ogden, of the Criterion Company, were formerly in the stock-company there.

"EVANGELINE" was produced in the Detroit (Mich.) Opera-house Nov. 24 and during the week, excepting 29, when "Conrad the Corsair" was given. Business good; on Thanksgiving-day both matinee and night were immense. Mlle. Bangs, who was booked for week of Dec. 1, has failed to connect, consequently the house will be closed all this week. Jno. McDonough's "Miss" Combination is booked for 15.....Nick Roberts' "Humpty Dumpty" is billed at the Grand Opera-house for Dec. 1.

THE ADELPHI THEATRE, Chestnut street above Tenth, Philadelphia, Pa., was sold by the Sheriff on Dec. 1 to J. M. Bennett for $76,000. The lot used as an entrance to the Alhambra Theatre, on Eighth street, near Vine, in the same city, was also sold by the Sheriff and Deed for $17,200. John Tracey becoming the purchaser.

AT THE GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 24 Clinton Hall's "Strategist's" Company commenced a week's engagement to a well-filled house, and good business ensued. The rule of Manager Hall in this direction, as his performances lacked none of their former excellence. Business for the eight performances was phenomenally large, the seats being sold for each evening's entertainment days in advance, and latecomers were regularly greeted with 'Standing-room Only.' Naretzek's Opera Company opens Dec. 2. Mary Anderson's route is: Frankfort, Ky., Dec. 1, Lexington 2, 3, Louisville 4, 5, 6, Chillicothe, O., 8, Columbus 9, 10, Springfield 11, Dayton 12, 13, Youngstown, O., 15, Akron, 16, Cleveland, 17, 18, 19, 20.....Charles Pope, supported by a company organized from sojourning talent, with additions from the Belleville, Ill., Park Theatre Company, was the attraction, 24 to 29, at Turner's Hall-road Theatre, St. Louis. Business fair.

THE INDIANAPOLIS (Ind.) Ladies' Cornet Band are to give an entertainment there Dec. 2.....Mr. Gary, a talented tenor, is the latest addition to the musical circles of Columbus, Ohio.....Rev. Dr. Hall has removed to Matteon, Ill.....The Meisnerchor has organized a festival chorus.....Wilhelmj was billed for a concert at the Park Theatre Sunday evening, Nov. 30.....Donavin's Tennesseans are announced for two concerts Dec. 11, 12, in the Grand Opera House.

AT MCVICKER'S THEATRE, Chicago, Ill., a fair attendance prevailed during the second week of Maretzek's English-opera Company, who presented "Pinafore" Nov. 24, 25, matinee 27, "Sleepy Hollow" 26, 27, 29, "Bohemian Girl" 28, matinee 29. They go to St. Louis for one week. Wm. C. Stephens, with the Central Music Hall Dec. 5, and the Patti Company concertize Dec. 8, 9.....The oratorio of "Esther" was given in the West-end Opera-house Nov. 27, 28, 29, for the benefit of the Ada-street Methodist Church.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES ADAMS will tender a grand concert to be given in the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., Sunday evening, Dec. 7, when he will present the Remenyi Concert Troupe.....The Kate Thayer Concert Company, under the management of Will H. Chapman, are to appear at Lincoln Hall, Washington, D. C., Dec. 9.

"BOGAN'S SIMPLIFIED BANJO MANUAL" and other instruction-books are advertised in another column.

MURPEE'S MINIATURE OPERA COMPANY in "Pinafore" is billed in Hartford, Ct., Dec. 1, 2, Middletown 3, Danbury 4, South Norwalk 5, New Britain 6, and Meriden 8.

HAVERLY'S CHURCH-CHOIR COMPANY are "Pinafore"-ing in the Academy of Music, Baltimore, Md., during the past week, to fair houses. Our correspondent says: "The company is certainly a strong one, and the opera was rendered better than ever before in this city. Their route ahead is Paterson, N. J., Dec. 2, Newark 3, 4, Trenton 5, New Brunswick 6; thence to Philadelphia, for two weeks, in the "Belle of Normandy" at Ford's Opera-house during Thanksgiving-week proved an attractive entertainment, and was well rendered by Ford's Opera Company, with a good chorus."

THE LILLIPUTIAN OPERA COMPANY, under the management of Steve Thomas, are to perform in North Attleboro, Mass., Dec. 1, Taunton 2, Milford 3, Clinton 4, Leominster 5, Marlboro 6, Chelsea 8, Lawrence 9, Exeter, N. H., 10, Dover 11, Portland, Me., 12, 13.

THE "CENTENNIAL JUBILEE SINGERS are billed in Newton, Iowa, 1, Rockford, Ill., 2, Woonsocket, S. D., 3, Douglass, Mass., 4, Northboro 5, Lowell 6, South Boston 8, East Boston 9, Wakefield 10, Waltham 11, Leominster 12, Clinton 13.

THE YOUNG APOLLO COMPANY sing "Pinafore" in Danbury, Ct., Dec. 3, Norwalk 5.

AT THE ALLEGHANY OPERA-HOUSE, Galveston, Texas, the Adah Richmond Opera Troupe opened in "Fatinitza" Nov. 24 to a large house.

HELEN POTTER'S PLEIADES, who played in Altoona, Pa., Nov. 29, are to be in Johnstown Dec. 1, Dayton, O., 4, Wilmington 5, Bellfontaine 6, Troy 8, Peru, Ind., 9, and Rochester 10.

"HOGAN'S HOP" and other novelties in the comic-song line are advertised by Harding.

THE NEW YORK MINIATURE OPERA COMPANY are to open in Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 1, for one week, Dunkirk 3, Medina 9, North East, Pa., 10, Erie 11, Cleveland, O., 12.

BLIND TOM concertized in Clinton, Ia., Nov. 29.

THE CLOSING CONCERT in the Popular Course of entertainments was given in Malden, Mass., Nov. 26, by the Weber Quartet of Boston, assisted by Miss N. M. Graves in violin solos, Jessie Hall, vocalists, and Lyman F. Brackett, pianist.

FRANK PARKER, pianist, advertises that he can be engaged at a low salary.

GRAU'S OPERA TROUPE, with Henri Laurent and Blanche Corelli in the leading roles, ran "Fatinitza" and "Pinafore" the past week in the Grand Opera-house, Detroit, Mich., to poor business, excepting Thanksgiving-night, when a good house was present. Our correspondent says: "The troupe disbanded there Nov. 29, salaries not having been paid for several weeks. Wilhelmj comes Dec. 3, and Ford's Juvenile Troupe 8, for a week.....At the Detroit Opera-house, Haverly's Children's "Pinafore" are booked Dec. 11, 12. Mahn's Opera Troupe in 'Fatinitza' 22, for one week."

MLLE. LITTA, assisted by Mlle. Zeline Mantey, Amy Fay and Mr. Barnes, concertised in Cleveland, O., Nov. 26, to fair business.....Mr. Hennings will produce his opera in the Opera-house Jan. 15, 1880.....The Vocal Society give their first concert this season Dec. 11.

MAHN'S ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY is reorganizing on this city. Communications can be sent to J. H. Russell, as per card.

THE APOLLO CLUB in the Brooklyn Athenæum sang "The Bohemian Girl" last week.

MUSICAL AFFAIRS in Boston, Mass., are thus reviewed:

The Lilliputian Opera Company during their second and last week in Horticultural Hall repeated "Jack the Giant-killer" and "Pocahontas" to good-sized audiences. The little folks, being engaged at their work Thanksgiving day, partook of the usual feast in their hotel, the Quincy House, two days ahead of time, and an enjoyable time was had.....Miss L. L. Ryerson has joined the Ladies' Alpine Quartet.....A musical soiree was given at the Commonwealth Hotel Nov. 26 by Misses A. Louise Gage and Florence Holmes, Clarence E. Hay and Theodore Adamowski, violinist.....The Gran French-opera Company gave a concert in the Redpath course at Music Hall 25, assisted by Alfred H. Pease, pianist. The next entertainment will be given Dec. 2 by the Lassenan Concert Company, a sextet of instrumentalists, assisted by Miss Nella F. Brown and Laura E. Daintry, readers.....E. B. Perry the blind pianist, assisted by Mrs. E. Humphrey Allen, soprano, gave a recital at Chickering's Warerooms Nov. 26.....The choir of the Church of the Holy Redeemer, assisted by Miss Beatrice Hamblen, soprano, and Mr. Bancker Hall, East Boston, 27.....The eighth entertainment in the Somerset course was given in Music Hall 28, under the auspices of Somerset Lodge, Knights of Pythias. The vocalists were Frank Hayden and F. E. Pickett, and Mrs. Marie F. Marchington and Miss Annie L. Fowler, constituting the Harvard Quartet, with J. F. Wyder organist.....Miss Isabel Sarrent, pupil of Mme. Capsiani, who left for Europe 29 to finish her musical education, was tendered a complimentary dinner at the Hotel Bruns wick 28.....Mme. Capsiani's compositions were rendered by Isabel Stone Pond, the Boston vocalist, by Randegger.....The first of Mme. Capsiani's concerts is to be given in Mechanics' Hall 3 for which the Misses Pauline Pfeiffer, Lucie Hayes, Nellie Hayes, Emma Dearborn, Ida Kloer, Mesdames M. St. Jacques, S. R. Buxton and Dr. A. M. Dudley, assisted by Mrs. Constance Howard, Mrs. Dietrich Strong, and Henry G. Hanchett, pianists.....The Fairbairn Family of Scottish vocalists, assisted by Miss Bennett Rogers of London, appear in concert and a musical sketch called 'The Reception' in the Dudley-street Opera-house 3.....The concert to be given in the Old Bay State course at Music Hall 4 will be contributed to by the Boston Philharmonic Orchestra, Mrs. H. P. Barton, soprano, her first appearance in her native city for seven years; Ole Bull, violinist; and Charles H. Morse, organist.

.....Herman F. Chelius, assisted by Miss Edith Christie, violinist, gives an organ-recital at the rooms of the Boston Conservatory of Music 5.....The first of the five Euterpe concerts will be given 10.....Miss Emma C. Thursby reappears on the concert-stage in the Redpath course at Music Hall 9.....Mapleson's Italian opera Company commence a two weeks' season at the Boston Theatre 29. Miss Abbie E. Carrington and another Boston lady are expected to make their operatic debut during the season. It is probable Mme. Evelia Gerster will appear at the triennial festival of the Handel and Haydn Society next May. Anna Louise Cary and Mrs. Aline Osgood are already engaged.

THE EMMA ABBOTT OPERA COMPANY open in Pittsburg Opera-house Dec. 1, for one week.....The Gounod Club of Pittsburg and a chorus of one hundred children will give "Pinafore" in Library Hall Dec. 30, 31, Jan. 1, 1880.....Miss Jean Wallace, assisted by the Trinity Church-choir of Pittsburg and Mr. Stern, cornettist, will give a concert at New Brighton, Pa., Dec. 4.....Miss Lillian Spencer of Pittsburg will be the recipient of a complimentary benefit at

THE BEAST ON THE BEACH.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Upon the ocean beach there dwells
A beast of modest mien,
An unobtrusive, quiet beast,
As meek as any dean;
A beast that never roams abroad
To prey on other beasts,
As bears and wolves and tigers dread,
That crave such bloody feasts.

A beast that never barks nor bites,
That never roars nor howls,
And never wakens one at two
A. M. with horrid yowls,
As feline Tom and Tabby do,
Each night throughout the week—
Perhaps, when Tom meets Tom, there comes
That wild, unearthly shriek.

A beast that never robs the roost,
Nor covets lamb nor pig,
As foxes often do, and wolves—
Sometimes a Southern "nig."
A beast that ever stays at home,
Attending to his flocks;
That never "gambols on the green,"
Nor on "the street" in "stocks."

A beast in gray too modest far
To show his form or face,
He lies beneath the sodden sand,
And "hides his light" and grace.
For what goes on in this wide world
He does not care a peach,
But snoozes in his little bed
Upon the ocean beach.

And politics and war may rage,
And men six days may walk; [broke,"
"The street" may "break" and "Bulls" "go
And pestilence may stalk!
Red lights may shoot above his bed!
The heavy thunders crash!
And tempest-driven, angry waves
Upon the beach may dash!

The meek, bivalvous beast in gray
Sings lies within his bed,
Naught caring he for all these things
A "continental red!"
Oh, what a life of sweet content,
Indifference and such!
The sweet—inglorious, I know,
But yet it "beats the Dutch!"

He thrives in sloth, our beast in gray,
And waxes fat and large;
"Old Rep." his commissary is,
And "finds" him free of charge.
He takes his comfort and his ease,
"Hard times" and good, the same;
He never works, nor does he play
The "Champions' New Game!"

The *dolce far niente* he
Most thoroughly enjoys;
Although 'tis *far*, 'tis ever near—
A dish that never cloys!
And thus he lives a life of peace,
Our gentle beast in gray;
No "trouble on his mind" has he,
The "devil ne'er to pay!"

And such his life! But, ah, his death!
Oh, cruel, shocking, that!
Oh, worse by far than ever dealt
By gentle, pensive rat
Which prowls about our homes at night
In hot pursuit of cheese
And "often finds" "anything—
He is not hard to please.

They "chowder" him, they "fritter" him,
They roast and bake him, too;
They try, they boil, and then he finds
He's in an "awful stew!"
But what's his loss is just our gain,
As all good livers know;
For "fritters," "roasts" and "stews" are good,
The festive crowder—oh!

You know, my friends, of whom I sing,
The gentle beast in gray;
The festive, happy clam, and sweet—
Delicious, I may say!
For those who real because I've sung
The virtues of the clam,
I pledge my word I do not care
A continental

A stalwart man, with fork in hand—
Our bivalve's foe most dread—
Comes on the beach in search of him,
Finds his little bed,
To market sends him quick along,
With thousands of his clan,
And there he quickly "goes to pot,"
Or else he goes to pan.

AT EVERY HAZARD;

OR,

THE BLACKWELL ENTANGLEMENT

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WALTER EDGAR McCANN.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by FRANK QUEEN, in the year 1879.]

CHAPTER XIII.—MOONLIGHT.

While this was proceeding, Herbert Lyndrose, perceiving that he was supplanted, for the time at least, by the elegant stranger, for whom privately he had begun to entertain the greatest possible contempt, took up a book of German sketches, and, seating himself beside Miss Griggs, began turning them over for her benefit.

"I understand that you are engaged upon some great work at present, Mr. Lyndrose," said Miss Griggs. "The subject—what *is* the subject? I have really forgotten."

"The story of Paris and the Golden Apple. I am trying to do something with it," he replied carelessly. "I don't work at it very persistently."

He had not been very successful in his profession, and there were those who thought that he was not sufficiently in earnest. He was certainly not industrious, and the pictures he had exhibited showed talent rather than application. Herbert Lyndrose had the ambition to be rich, but not the energy to accomplish that ambition. He was poor, and poverty had soured and disgusted him.

He had told Miss Griggs about his new picture, from which he secretely hoped great things, in a complaining and despondent way, and fancied that he was exciting her sympathy. Had he not thus drifted into the talk about himself, the forlorn little maiden might not have held his attention so long.

Doctor Ringdove in a high, screaming tenor sang his song—something about a fisherman—accompanied languidly by his wife, whom he pettishly admonished at intervals for her indifference; but the performance was on the whole very creditable, and when it came to an end was applauded and encored.

Richard Rolliner sat alone, listless and a little bored, conscious of the music, but not following it; and, in fact, his glance wandered pretty often to the spot where Irene Hernsdale sat chatting with Dacey Blackwell.

"That fellow! I don't like him," mused sturdy Richard, with an indefinable sense of irritation. "He is a parasite and a tiger-fish. He is not a proper person for any young lady to be so friendly with. She has no idea of those low gaming-houses he haunts, nor of the people he knows."

Irene, however, was not quite so enraptured as she appeared to be. Dacey Blackwell bewildered her a little. He was amusing and fascinating; but there was something else—something feline—something sinister—what was it? In his peculiar dark smile, as he now and then turned his eyes full upon her, there was mystery. Under that, spell her heart beat quicker.

With his exquisitely fitting clothes, his snowy shirt-front, his diamonds, the perfumed atmosphere which clung to him, his beardless, refined face and pallid complexion, Mr. Blackwell was the very ideal of the gentleman and accomplished society-man. People would not have associated a dubious background with that fastidious person.

"I may now press *my* petition," he said, when Doctor Ringdove's good nature in the way of encores was exhausted.

Irene smiled, and, rising, crossed to the piano, where Dacey took his place beside her to turn the music.

Rolliner, after a slight hesitation, got up also and walked to the same spot. Blackwell, perceiving his presence, straightened himself with a little chilly reserve, of which he was, perhaps, hardly conscious.

"What shall it be, Miss Hernsdale?" he asked.

"I don't know. Mr. Rolliner knows my repertory. Suppose we allow him to select."

Mr. Rolliner reflected a moment.

"Oh! that ballad about the Blacksmith—I forget the title—but it is so very pretty, don't you think?"

"I remember—yes; I will sing that," said Irene. "I know it without the music;" and she immediately struck the opening chords.

Is there anything sweeter than a good contralto voice, even tolerably cultivated? In this instance the singer had the advantage of a musical education, and, displaying neither affectation nor embarrassment, her performance was charming, and very nearly perfect.

The song and applause over, Dacey Blackwell said:

"There is a ballad, Miss Hernsdale, frequently sung in the comic opera. Everyone is familiar with it, and, though I have heard it so often, I don't think the pleasure to be found in it is exhausted for me yet. I mean the song called 'Pretty as a Picture.'"

"I know it very well," smiled the young lady.

"And I am equally sure you sing it," persisted Blackwell, with a meaning accent.

"Why?"

"Because it is so appropriate," he said archly, and, perhaps, somewhat boldly.

Irene laughed.

"I ought to be vexed at so audacious a compliment, Mr. Blackwell, and I might be if I fancied you offered it seriously. Yes; I know the song, and can give the words and notes; but, of course, having heard it in public, you know it is a great deal more in it than that. I will do my best, though, if you wish."

Somehow Rolliner did not think she would consent to sing this song; it is a pleasing and certainly a very harmless composition; but in his mind, as in Mr. Blackwell's also, probably, it was associated with the comic-opera and with the music-hall; and Rolliner, with his exaggerated ideas of things, imagined that Irene would instantly decline to perform the piece of music that he considered, on account of its associations, just a little vulgar. Irene, however, seemed to have no such scruples. From under her pretty fingers trickled the first sparkling notes of the merry air Mr. Blackwell had suggested. Richard, after listening patiently to the first verse to avoid the appearance of being huffed, withdrew. He was more annoyed than even he himself was aware, and much more than anyone else had any idea of. Quietly, under cover of the music, and without exciting observation, he left the room, and, taking his hat from the hall-table, went out into the open air.

It was a beautiful night. That moon he had seen a week ago in the city was now at her full, and a silvery radiance streamed from her, bathing all things in misty white, like a bridal-veil. There was not husbandry in heaven to-night, for, bright as Diana was, her stars were bright also. Low in the horizon hung Jupiter, like a flaming torch. Under the influence of the new scene his vexation passed instantly away.

There is, I suppose, no man without a certain amount of poetry in his nature. All that Richard Rolliner possessed was now excited by the exquisite beauty of this night. He walked over the short grass to the edge of the gentle hill on which the house stood, and then, strolling listlessly, got among the trees that bordered the avenue. Here he found a seat, and, lighting a cigar and pulling his coat about him, for it was chilly, he dropped into that rustic chair and meditated. From the house still came the sound of Irene Hernsdale's voice as she sang that lively song. How cold and heartless her voice sounded; he listened with a vague sense of pain.

"I hope she does not like that fellow," thought Rolliner. "I hope he can never teach her to like him. But who can tell what fancies girls will take? She seems almost like my—no, not like my daughter—but like my younger sister; and I would sooner walk behind her coffin than to see her bride-altar if she—but what nonsense! Irene Hernsdale marry *him!* Nothing would be more impossible."

And now the music ceased—the song had ended. He smoked on, and pursued his reverie. The door of the house opened presently, and he saw the light within, and a carriage came round—someone was leaving. In a few minutes the vehicle rolled by him down the avenue, but in his seclusion he was not seen. He looked after it until it had disappeared, and then leaned back once more; and suddenly, at his side, he heard a sweet and peculiar voice say:

"Enjoying this exquisite moonlight, Mr. Rolliner?"

Startled, he looked up—it was Dacey Blackwell, pale, smiling and handsome in the bright, white light that enveloped everything. A cigarette was between his fingers.

"Still," he added after a minute's pause, "the police always say that. With all our boasted American institutions, our police organization, Mr. Rolliner, is, in my opinion, far inferior to those of other countries. Is there, do you know, a tangible clue at all? I mean, of course, what practical people would call a clue."

"I have not heard. I am as much in the dark about all that as yourself. My whole knowledge of the matter was embraced in my testimony at the inquest, which you say you read."

"Yes, with the most painful interest; and your name remained in my memory, and when I saw you to-day I could not help viewing it in the light of a coincidence—that is, connecting it also with our amusing adventure at the gambling-saloon. Altogether, I viewed the chain of circumstances as rather singular."

"A little so, I must confess," assented Rolliner; and inwardly he reflected how very singular indeed it all was. "Your sister, Mr. Blackwell, has never mentioned me to you as among her recently acquired acquaintances?"

"No, I think not—I am sure not. I do not see much of her. I am afraid she looks upon me rather as a black sheep," said Dacey, with a laugh. "She imagines, I fancy, that I lead a very fast life, whereas no one's life runs, all things considered, in a more placid current. I have a great deal of time to spare, and I play a little, I admit—but a very little—and that is pretty much the only resource I have. I am not a reading man, and I can't afford horses or travel, and my father never gave me a profession, and you see that, on the whole, I am about as useless a member of society as you would be likely to encounter. I often wish I had something useful to do; I know the value of time as well as any man."

He spoke seriously, and, indeed, sadly, and Rolliner, in spite of himself, began to think a little better of him. He had never exactly entertained a contrary opinion. He had only considered Dacey Blackwell, like his sister, rather puzzling; and it is human nature to distrust mystery.

"Idleness is the most miserable of conditions, certainly," said Richard. "I have learned involuntarily, through Mr. Folroyd and your self, some of your peculiary affairs, and although you have not asked my opinion, I may, perhaps, be allowed to suggest that your capital is ample to enter the commercial world, if you have any thoughts in that direction."

"I am glad you have approached the subject, Mr. Rolliner," returned Dacey, with sudden frankness. "I did not consider that I knew you well enough yet to broach it myself. I have been thinking of connecting myself with some business; but my inexperience, my total ignorance of the world, my—pardon, has seemed to close that avenue to me as well as all others. I have felt that if I could find a friend upon whose advice I could rely, who would not think it a hardship to guide me a little at first, I might place my little capital in some quarter where it might give me a support; but where am I to discover such a one? The world holds rogues—the business world so many. You cannot be surprised at my hesitation."

"You are right," said Rolliner, his good opinion still growing; for in the young man's voice he thought he could detect an unmistakable accent of sincerity; "and I am not a bit surprised, and you have acted wisely to pause. There are men in the business world, Mr. Blackwell, who would have but to learn that you had ten thousand dollars to incite them instantly to rob you of it. With such men deeds but thought are already half-performed."

"Instinct told me that," said Dacey sadly.

"Such men," continued Rolliner hotly, "are moral cannibals, who would kill and devour their own flesh-and-blood. You have done well indeed not to engage——"

"You forget," interrupted Blackwell, smiling, "that I have not had time even to take a preliminary step, so my sagacity does not merit so much credit, after all."

"Well," said Rolliner warmly after a slight pause, "if you wish my services in any way, Mr. Blackwell, you may command them, and I may speak the same for Mr. Folroyd."

"I am so very much obliged to you; and I think it will not be long before I avail myself of your kindness, Mr. Rolliner."

The two gentlemen continued their conversation in this way for some time—until, in fact, they had reached the city and begun to thread the gas-lighted streets.

At a convenient point for Dacey, Mr. Rolliner stopped to allow him to get out. He would have set him down at his lodgings with pleasure; but Mr. Blackwell averred some business farther uptown before going home; and so they parted, with smiles and kindly farewells, Rolliner thinking a great deal better of his new acquaintance than an hour or so ago he could have believed possible.

It was rather late for one to have business anywhere; but Mr. Blackwell had made the statement advisedly. He visited a mysterious place on Broadway, where he was first inspected through a grating before being allowed to enter, and where, after being admitted, he found a number of gentlemen playing roulette and other games; and there he staked and won, and lost, and won again, and met with similar varying fortune for about an hour and a half, but on the whole was tolerably successful. And then, gathering up his winnings, and taking what he called "a bite" and a glass or two of wine, he left the place and went home.

His lodgings, over the eating-house on Eighth street, were simply furnished. The other upstairs rooms were all untenanted, so that he was not troubled with neighbors to overlook his movements, but came and went, by means of his latchkey, as he pleased.

Dacey seemed to have as little genius for order as his sister. Anyone might see that these were bachelor apartments. Everything was left pretty much where it had been thrown down.

Mr. Blackwell, entering the hall below, carefully closed the street-door behind him, dropping the spring of the latch, and stumbled up the steps in the dark, and so reached his rooms, where he lighted the gas.

His movements were a little curious. Quietly he glided about the room, noting everything, apparently determining whether anything had been disturbed during his absence; and then to the windows, the shutters of which he opened, and looked out upon the various roofs, sheds and backyards immediately adjoining, and then closed them again carefully; and so, finally satisfied, he got some faggots together, which were lying ready on the hearth, and proceeded to make a fire.

The fire after a while blazing satisfactorily, Mr. Blackwell, having changed his coat for a dressing-gown, sat himself down in front of it to smoke and think.

His ruminations were evidently pleasant, for he smiled a great deal, and sometimes laughed outright, and occasionally he broke into soliloquy.

"Really beautiful," he said once, and I am sure he was thinking of Miss Hernsdale. "That fellow—what is his name?—Lyndrose—is nothing to her. I know that. She likes me, I could see, and I can make her like me more. I can make her like me enough to marry me, if I wish. But how would that suit my sister Constance?"

This phrase he repeated at intervals many times during the course of his revery. Simple as it was, it seemed to amuse him particularly.

"Would it perplex her? Would it interfere with her arrangements? Could it not be so contrived as to meet with her approval?"

Suddenly he shuddered, and looked with a sharp, stealthy glance behind him. He was grave again, and a little pale. You would fancy that he had recollected something unpleasant.

"A lonesome hole," he muttered pevishly, staring again into his fire. "A fellow might be made away with here and no one the wiser—smothered in his sleep without the chance to utter a cry."

He got up and stood with his back to the fire, and glanced at his bed as if he would like to be in it. He remembered how late it was, and yawned drearily.

Before undressing, Mr. Blackwell carefully examined all the windows again. His other movements had likewise the nature of precaution. Things were placed where he could lay hold of them instantly. His arrangements were such as a physician might make who expected to be called up in the night, except that he drew a chair to his bedside, upon which he placed a revolver, and beside that he placed a curious little pocket-lamp, lighted. Then he undressed and got into bed, and very soon was sleeping placidly.

TO BE CONTINUED.

W. W. FOWLER,

who was born in Brooklyn, L. I., in 1832, has been in the show business over twenty-five years, having traveled with Robinson & Eldred's Circus in 1852-3, and subsequeatly with Spaulding & Rogers', Jerry Mabie's, Sands & Nathans', Harry Buckley's, and other tent shows, as treasurer, layer-out, agent, etc. He was for several years business-manager of the Carter Zouave Troupe, and acted as agent for the Peak Family of Swiss Bellringers during the season of 1867-8. In the Fall of the year last named the Berger Family and Sol. Smith Russell entered into business on their own account as an independent organization, and Mr. Fowler joined them as business-manager, which position he has filled for the present season, being his tenth with that company. At intervals during his professional career he was in the newspaper business, and, being a practical printer, he has at times been a compositor, reporter, etc. For several months he was a compositor in THE CLIPPER office.

THE LATE INUNDATION of the great plain of Murcia, in Spain, washing away four-fifths of the surface-soil, cutting it into fissures, destroying orchards, buildings, vineyards and gardens, and drowning 3,000 people, might, it is asserted, have been avoided if the range of mountains to the north had not been denuded of their trees. Had the original forests remained, they would have absorbed a large portion of the sudden rainfall and saved the plain from overflow. The floods last Summer at Szegedin, in Hungary, are traceable to the same cause.

THE SANDWICH ISLAND ALPHABET has 12 letters, the Burmese 21, the Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldee and Samaritan 22 each, the French 23, the Greek 24, the Latin 25; the German, Dutch and English, 26 each; the Spanish 27, the Arabic 28, the Persian 32, the Russian 41, the Sanscrit 50, the Ethiopic 202.

PINAFORE IN CORK.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Certainly there is no reason why "Pinafore" cannot be as well done in cork as in New York. The version given last season by Messrs. Birch, Wambold & Backus was excellent in its way, but two of these gentlemen (the two busy B.'s) are so earnestly devoted to music as a high art that their rendition of the opera raised it above the comprehension of the average mind. It may be said that the trivial character of the piece is not suited to the higher capacity of the two B.'s. They feel most at ease in symphonies, and classic oratorios and such. This gentleman, on the contrary, is thoroughly at home, not only in "Pinafore," but in cork. Indeed, he was born in Cork, and when he came over to this country it was the "Pinafore" which brought him. [Observe that we do not say he came over in the ship "Pinafore," but simply that it was the "Pinafore" that brought him.] That craft has been the means of bringing over to these shores a great many professional people, some of whom have looked in vain for any craft to take them back. However, this excellent musician, who has secured an engagement as the leader of a cork "Pinafore" company, does not apprehend any such difficulty. It is not surprising that he should conduct the music of the opera well, for he is a Sullivan himself. Whatever the fate of other "Pinafore" companies, this one is sure to keep above water, because it is in cork.

"WHAT IS YOU TWO WHISPERIN' 'BOUT?"

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER AND DEDICATED TO MISS A. M. W.,
BY M. W. C.

Scene, a cosy little parlor;
Lover whispered soft and low:
"One sweet, little kiss, dear Alice—
Just one more before I go."
She, all sighs and pouts and blushes,
Drops her head, gives sigh of bliss;
He, without e'er sigh of rapture,
Takes the booty—one sweet kiss.

"Little Toddler," in the corner,
Holds his dolly to his breast,
Must ha' heard all their sweet whisperings,
Must have e'en their secret guessed;
For he talks to dolly softly,
And they think that he's gone out.
Suddenly he asks quite boldly:
"What is you two whisperin' 'bout?"

Hewick's Opera-house, Oct. 15, 1879.

THE STATUTORY OF BETHLEHEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY FRANCES E. WADLEIGH.

"Mr. Carroll, you have an extensive acquaintance among Bohemians, I believe. Can you tell us anything about them?" asked Miss Garrison, turning suddenly to Frank Carroll, who hesitated an instant before replying; he fancied that her words were sarcastic.

"Yes, I have many warm friends among those whom you call Bohemians. But I do not understand your question; I did not hear the foregoing conversation, as I was telling Miss Lester about ——"

"Oh, I beg pardon for interrupting you."

Our chat wasn't of the least consequence, Millicent," interposed Georgie Lester hastily. She was not unwilling to turn her attention to someone who paid compliments—a thing Carroll never did—and had been anxious for an opportunity to monopolize John Redfern's thoughts.

"My cousin tells me," said Miss Garrison, speaking to Carroll (a ready listener), "that in one of his morning strolls he met a sculptor with whom he had some conversation, and in whom he became interested. The sculptor's studio is up three flights, at No. — Broadway."

"No — repeated Carroll musingly. "I do not know anyone in that vicinity. What is his name, Mr. Kendall?"

"I have entirely forgotten—It was a queer foreign name. He wanted to show me his statu ——"

"A statue of Bethlehem!" exclaimed Millicent, interrupting her cousin somewhat abruptly. "Have you heard of it?"

"No," answered Carroll, pausing a moment and trying to recall such a statue, but in vain—"no; none of my friends have chosen that for a subject—but, then, most of my Bohemians are painters."

"Bethlehem! How odd! A female figure, of course, with a star over its head, isn't it?" giggled Georgie.

"I didn't see it, Miss Lester," replied Kendall. "I was walking in the park before breakfast this morning—for you know we country people are early risers—and got to talking with a sad-faced, out-at-elbows sort of fellow. He had his little boy with him, and I believe the youngster and I made friends first; anyway, the father said he had been in this country about six months, had come here from London, and did not find our people so appreciative of his work as he had expected. I asked him what his work was, and he said he was exhibiting his Statutory of Bethlehem at No. — Broadway."

At the word "statutory" a supercilious smile broke over Georgie Lester's face; but she took good care that Millicent should not see it. No one else smiled. They were Miss Garrison's guests, and the speaker was her cousin, so the others who had heard the new word listened with impassive faces.

"Suppose we make up a party and go to see Mark's new friend to-morrow?" was Millicent's suggestion.

And all present agreed to it. People were in the habit of agreeing with her, for she was by nature and training a queen. She passed for cold and imperious, and until the appearance of her "Down-east" cousin, Mark Kendall, had been considered the incarnation of pride. She *was* proud—too proud to slight her kinsman or to stoop to any deceit.

When Mark accepted his Uncle Otis Garrison's invitation to visit his elegant mansion on Murray Hill, he did it knowingly. He realized the vast gulf there was between him and his handsome Cousin Millicent, a rich man's only child. Their mothers were sisters. When Abby Phelps married Joseph Kendall she settled contentedly on his farm, and was one of the happiest women in Maine. When Ann Phelps married Otis Garrison, the young New York merchant, she did so from sincere love, it is true; but ambition would have swayed her in any case, for the dream of her life was to be "in society."

Mrs. Garrison did not heartily endorse her husband's invitation to Mark. She did not actually oppose it, however, for it never occurred to her that the rustic nephew would be much in her way. She was fond of the society over which she and her daughter so popularly reigned; so, too, was Millicent. She was graceful, elegant, never discomposed, and her child resembled her; but, while she was also haughty and ambitious, Millicent had been differently, especially cool towards Carroll to hide what she thought was an unrequited love. So four people were made happy through what had been supposed to be Mark's ignorance in saying "statutory" instead of "statuary."

"Enter, enter!" cried the boy gladly. "Papa will most happily show the holy statutory."

Louise Cazeneau and Georgie Lester laughed; but Mark, not heeding them, pushed aside a curtain made of broad stripes of red-white-and-blue calico that hung over a doorway, and the party entered a large room, from which every ray of daylight was excluded, the only illumination coming from two coal-oil lamps, which smoked more than they flamed. A narrow dais raised about two feet above the floor held four or five plain wooden chairs. This was the sole attempt at furniture. Behind the dais was another curtain, also made of tri-colored calico, surmounted by a hand-printed placard: "The Statutory of Bethlehem. The Visit of the Wise Men. The Slaughter of the Innocents. Come see the Place where our Lord was Born."

"This is a queer studio!" cried Miss Lester aloud.

"A rum start, by Jove!" added John Redfern, who affected the Briton.

"Miss Garrison is sold this time! What *would* her mother say to see her here?" whispered Dr. Martin to Rebecca Graham, who answered:

"And without Gabrielle or a matron! Horrors!"

There was, however, no time for questions or retreat. The curtain rustled and creaked, and hitched itself up, as such curtains have a way of doing, and there was the statutory in all its glory.

"This," said the exhibitor, a thin, sallow Frenchman, who spoke English very slowly, but remarkably well, "does represent the birthplace of our Lord. Above is the star."

And as he pointed to the ceiling they saw a gilt-paper star about a foot in diameter.

"In the centre is the holy city."

By this time the spectators had sufficiently recovered from their astonishment to enable them to look at the exhibition, which, instead of being the fair marble statue that the least credulous had expected to see, was a representation in miniature of the City of Bethlehem.

On the floor, and somewhat below the level of the dais where the ladies were seated was a collection of little wooden houses and trees, such as one sees in boxes of Nuremberg toys—about three to six inches high, and set down at regular intervals, forming four streets at right angles. In the streets were all the animals to be found in a large Noah's ark—where the elephant and the dog are the same size, and the dove a trifle smaller, Shem, Ham and Japhet quite overtopping the giraffe—and in one place a windmill about a foot high, which, on being wound up by the artless showman, turned round and allowed a stream of "real water" to trickle over it.

"At your right is the holy manger," continued the proprietor.

Looking at the spot indicated, they saw a house perched on top of a bank of dry moss, decorated with faded, spotted, artificial roses (nearly as large as the house), and over it, suspended from the ceiling by pink cord, were the two items of wax angels such as are used to ornament Christmas-trees, the three angels in the upper tier robed in pink-glazed cambric, the three lower ones in blue. In the distance were five or six little wooden men, of different heights, leaning against wooden camels not quite so tall as themselves.

"Here," said he, pointing to the left, "you may observe the sad Slaughter of the Innocents, with a fine view of Herod."

At the left was a small red house, with an unusual allowance of windows. On this latter sat Herod, clad in a purple silk robe, and calmly gazing towards a heap of dilapidated china dolls which lay in the palace-yard—some minus one limb and some another—and a group of soldiers wearing a zouave uniform, and armed with tin swords longer than themselves, charging upon the dolls. In and among the houses, people, palace and wise men were large coal-oil lamps set flat upon the floor, smoking, flickering, and giving a dim, odorous light.

The spectators gazed at one another in a dazed, helpless manner when the full meaning of the statutory became clear. Then Georgie Lester tittered, and Robert Graham exclaimed aloud:

"What a sell!"

The proprietor had not noticed their faces at first; but when his brief explanations were ended he saw the contempt written in their faces, and said sadly, almost pathetically, in his halting English:

"Does it not please the ladies? It is our dear Lord's birthplace, and I made it all myself."

Once or two laughed. Georgie Lester rose hastily and exclaimed:

"The horrid swindler! Come, let's go; it is positively disgusting."

"Yes, so I say," added Harry Redfern. "I came to see a piece of statuary, not a penny peep-show."

The exhibitor looked grieved and hurt. Millicent noticed it, and, without moving from her chair, asked in French:

"Was the idea your own, or had you seen a similar statutory somewhere?"

The sound of his mother-tongue restored his spirits. He replied:

"It is all my own. I devised it, and, with the help of my little Marie, dressed and arranged all the figures. Herod's robe is quite new, and so are the soldiers' uniforms. The others are clad in pieces of my wife's dresses."

"Is your wife with you?" asked Carroll. He, Mark and Millicent were now alone, the others having left the room.

"Alas, no! She is dead. All that I have to remind me of her are my two children, these pieces of her dresses, and these flowers which represent the blessed manger," said the man, touching reverently the dingy flowers that were in the dried moss.

"Were the roses hers?"

"Yes, she was a flower-maker. I was a baker, and we earned good wages, and lived happily until the war devastated our land. The Germans were driven out of Paris, and we rejoiced—we looked for peace; but then came the Commune. Ah, Heaven, what misery was ours! One day I came home faint and weary—I had been seeking food—and brought to my wife a message from some kind English people that, if she would go to their house, they would give her food and clothing. She went. A battle raged in our street all that day and night. The next morning we saw her dead body, riddled with bullets, lying but a few rods from our door. Our house was fired. I seized my babes, wrapped them hastily in some of their mother's garments and fled to a safer spot. My little girl had grasped a basket containing some of her mother's flowers, and for five years they have decorated the manger."

"Have you done well with your Statutory?" asked Carroll.

"We have lived. It was hard until my little Marie grew large enough to care for her brother."

"Is she a good daughter?" queried Millicent gently.

"She is an angel! She is her mother's image! If she continues as she has begun, my Gabrielle ——"

"Gabrielle!" exclaimed Millicent eagerly. "Have you two daughters?"

"No, mademoiselle; my wife's name was Gabrielle."

"I thought so! What is your name?" and, as she spoke, Millicent looked so excited that the men wondered.

"Louis Versigny," was the reply.

Turning quickly to Carroll and Mark, Millicent whispered:

"This is my maid's husband, I think. His story is like hers, and she believed that he was burned to death during the Commune. Mark, run down to the carriage and bring Herod's "but say nothing."

Millicent continued to talk to Versigny with a light in her eyes and an eagerness in her face that, to Carroll's taste, increased her beauty tenfold. Presently Mark and Gabrielle entered. The latter said:

"Here I am, Miss Millicent; you sent ——"

"Gabrielle, Gabrielle, *ma femme!*" cried Versigny.

The woman turned, and in an instant the long-separated husband and wife were clasped in each other's arms.

When both stories were told, the interested listeners learned that the dead woman, whom Versigny supposed to be Gabrielle, was a poor neighbor to whom she had given one of her dresses, unknown to her husband, as the latter was a bitter English people had kept her with them all through that turbulent night, she did not get home until the next morning; then, seeing her house in ashes and never again hearing from her husband, she had given up her dear ones as dead.

Until now Carroll had loved Millicent, but dared not speak, thinking her cold and almost heartless. Seeing her as she really was, tender-hearted and sympathetic, he suddenly realized that the ice was but external, and hid his feelings no longer. Fancying him indifferent to her, Millicent had been especially cool towards Carroll to hide what she thought was an unrequited love. So four people were made happy through what had been supposed to be Mark's ignorance in saying "statutory" instead of "statuary."

CLIPPER SONGS:

"OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, AND FOR THE PEOPLE."

"Ole Black Sam."

WRITTEN AND SUNG BY BILLY HUGHES.

Oh, friends, please be kind to poor Ole Black Sam,
I'm gwine fast down de hill ob life, you see;
How fondly I remember de times dat's past an' gone,
When I was young an' happy as could be.
But those times have flown, an' I'm left here alone;
I'd like ones mo' to see ole Alabam'. {to love
All my friends have gone above, an' dere's none left here
Or care for poor Ole Black Sam.

Chorus.

I did trabble here wid my dear ole wife,
But she's gone to glory, I know, de great joy of my life,
I 'spect I'll soon be wid her in de happy home on high,
But I'd like to see ole Alabam' before I die.

When de orange-blossoms ripened an' de violets were in
Den de darkies met outside de cabin do'; {bloom,
Wid dere banjos ringin' what times we'd hab a-singin'
An' a dancin' on de ole barn flo';
But de banjos now am silent, an' no mo' you hear de song
Nor de music ob de bones as dey rattle along.
Whar de weepin' willows wave at de foot ob de hill,
O'er dose darkies' graves de grass has long grown green.

Chorus.

But no mo' will I wander, soon I'll be at rest;
I'll lie me down to die in Alabam',
Beside my dear ole wife, when I bid good-bye to life,
An' no mo' here will you see Ole Black Sam.

A Chip of th' Old Block.

TO ALL IRISH SINGERS.

I am an Irishman, McGonnigle is my name;
I never in my life got drunk or beat me wife—
I'm proud to say the same.
My children are well bred an' up,
The pride of their mother and me,
All except one, my oldest son,
And the death of us both he'll be.

Chorus.—He's a great ninny, is my son Dennie—
He says he's "cock of the walk;"
He's to be pitied, for he's not half-witted,
So in him I take no stock;
But it makes me swear when people declare
"He's a chip of th' McGonnigle block."

He's not fond of his home, he stays out the whole night;
What makes it hard for us, he's sure to raise a fuss,
For he never comes home 'till he's tight.
He'll stand in the kitchen an' dance,
An' upset the table an' chairs—
One would expect he'd show some respect
For my own or his mother's gray hairs.

Spoken.—His mother has remonstrated wid him repeatedly, and so have I; but all our united endeavors an' entreaties have been ineffectual—meffectual. He cares no more for his mother than he does for—*me*. I don't understand him—there's a screw loose somewhere.

Chorus.—He's to be pitied, for he's not half-witted,
So in him I take no stock;
He tells little Zoger he'll use me a "codger,"
A "loon," a "bummer," an' a "gawk;"
An' it makes me swear when people declare
"He's a chip of th' McGonnigle block."

Not a day goes over his head but he's up to some new trick;
He was a whole month long tryin' to write a song—
He called it "The Aristocratic Mick."
I told him he was out of his head.
Says he: "I've written 'em before:"
"Grandfather's Clock," "Babies on our Block,"
"Pull out, you're over your head, an' swim for the shore."

Spoken.—I've heard them all; but when he told me it was him wrote 'em, you could 'av' knocked me down with a brick. But it's just like him; I might 'av' known, for

Chorus.—He's a great ninny, is my son Dennie—
He is the "cock of the walk,"
An' 'pon my word I think it's absurd
The way that some folks talk;
But I shan't care when they declare
"Dennie, you're a chip of th' old block."

Bangor, Me. ALEXANDER GLYNN.

REDEEMED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY F—— W——.

CHAPTER I.

Colder than the wind that freezes
Founts that but now in sunshine played
Is that congealing pang which seizes
The trusting bosom when betrayed.—MOORE.

The steamer Beauclerc had arrived. She had been anxiously expected for many days, and crowds of curious gazers and eager friends flocked to the pier.

Among the arrivals a party of four persons attracted general attention by that unmistakable air of refinement and wealth so perceptible to the educated eye. This party consisted of an elderly gentleman with white hair, handsome, genial and dignified in deportment. On his arm leaned a lady of perhaps twenty Summers, a brunette of that perfect type devoid of color. The pale olive of her cheek was in keeping with the pure Greek outline of her perfect face. That they were father and daughter one could see from the tender and familiar air of proprietorship with which she leaned upon his arm.

The other half of this distinguished party was a gentleman—tall, stately and handsome—and a beautiful boy of ten years, who clung lovingly to his hand, and whose hair of golden brown and eyes of tender gray were the exact counterpart of his own. A handsome family coach drew up as near as approach was possible as the party made their way through the crowd, and the old gray-haired coachman was kindly greeted by Judge Wilbur and his daughter, who, with their companions, took seats in the carriage. At this moment Judge Wilbur, turning to address his companion, was startled by the deathly pallor of his face and the look of horror there on, which were turned upon the motley crowd.

"My dear Vane, what is it? I fear you are ill."

"It is nothing—a spasm of pain, that will soon pass."

But even as he spoke Edgar Vane looked once more towards the crowd, and again beheld a face—wan, woeful and crowned with white hair.

The carriage started, the face vanished, and Edgar Vane sank back against the cushions; but, as he met the troubled gaze of his son, he smiled reassuringly, showing how beautiful the human countenance can be when lit from within by exalted and noble sentiments.

Edgar Vane had been stricken as by a death-blow at the moment of entering the carriage of Judge Wilbur, but, mastering mental anguish, he conversed with his usual charm of manner; and though the dark eyes of Grace Wilbur looked into his own with a glance of gentle questioning, he seemed to have recovered his composure during the drive to the residence of Judge Wilbur.

Nine years before the period of which we write, Edgar Vane had fled from his native land with his infant son, as he thought, never to return. He left behind him a sorrow the memory of which, through years of weary wandering, had followed him like a nightmare. For nine years of wifely bliss he had left his young wife, but none knew the cause of his hasty departure, or the fact that she did not accompany him. For years he sought forgetfulness in change, and in the many distractions that travel in foreign lands can bring to those on whom fortune showers its favors. Boundless wealth was his, and the son who would be his only heir was confided to the care of those who were rearing him in all the fair promise of a noble youth.

Three years before the opening of this sketch, while journeying in Rome with other friends, Judge Wilbur and his daughter had made the acquaintance of the fascinating traveler, and he, attaching himself to their party, had revealed amidst the wonders of antiquity, and those marvels of art that enthral the appreciative eye of the artist.

At length the Wilburs—father and daughter—he thought themselves of their native land. A sudden longing for the old home came upon them, and, having learned that Edgar Vane, their esteemed companion and friend, had no ties save those that bound him to his idolized boy, they pleaded for a visit from both, that they might for a time defer the hour of parting.

Edgar Vane, though no longer in his early manhood, and bearing within his soul the scarcely-healed scar of a fearful wound, could not, though all those enchanting journeys made in the society of the beautiful and accomplished Grace Wilbur, remain indifferent to the loveliness of character and high intellectual endowments so calculated to win upon his affections. If Judge Wilbur ever thought of the possibility of an attachment resulting from such enchanting and unbroken companionship, he put the thought aside, and left the issue in the hands of one who rules all earthly destinies.

No shadow of restraint marred the daily intercourse of Edgar and Grace, or disturbed the constant interchange of intellectual enjoyment, while each observed the courteous deference that ever marks the intercourse of the truly refined and cultivated.

Edgar Vane and his beautiful boy Herbert had been for a week guests at the Wilbur mansion, the family there consisting, in addition to Judge Wilbur and his daughter, of a widowed sister of the former, and a few old servants who had for years been in service in the family. But a change had fallen upon Edgar Vane. His friends—indeed, all who were attracted to him in his travels in strange lands—while acknowledging

BILLIARDS.

THE COLLENDER TOURNAMENT.

Sexton and Slosson Tie for First and Second Prizes, $1,000 and $500—Schaefer Wins Third, $250; Daly Fourth, $150; and Garnier Fifth, $100—All the Good-will Falls to Carter, Rudolphe and Heiser.

In our past issue we gave the rare results of the two closing games, played on the night of Nov. 24, and now we give the scores in order to complete the official record.

GAME No. 27.—SEXTON VS. DALY.

There is nothing to report of this contest, save that the Bowery champion, spite of the heaviness of his majority, would have lost the game if Daly could have played against him with any confidence at all. Sexton's cues were in no condition for effective work. His favorite one became utterly unreliable early in the game, and he played with three altogether. The last one appeared to him to weigh at least thirty ounces, it having been leathered with no idea of using it in Tammany Hall, but for the purpose of working down the leather in knockabout games. It therefore became a knockabout game between Sexton and Daly, and the former reached the goal by the sheer force of his superiority as a player of cushion-caroms. The averages were 11.3-27 for the winner, and 5.22-36 for the loser.

SEXTON—0, 1, 0, 0, 0, 56, 0, 4, 1, 5, 2, 12, 0, 9, 30, 65, 6, 0, 0, 2, 1, 21, 15, 4, 46, 18—301.

DALY—1, 0, 0, 0, 1, 24, 0, 0, 10, 35, 7, 1, 7, 10, 19, 9, 2, 0, 0, 1, 10, 1, 2, 4, 0, 1—182.

GAME No. 28.—SLOSSON VS. SCHAEFER.

The betting was fifty to thirty in favor of Schaefer. Slosson seemed to us to be starting the game upon the premise that his antagonist's backbone had been cut in two on the Saturday night when he succumbed to Sexton. We never before saw the Twenty-third-street champion play with so much confidence against a hard man. He did good rail-work, and in the way of miscellaneous caroms he made connections all over the table, except during the last three innings. The best shot he made in the game, and the most judicious one he was ever seen to play in this city, was in his third inning, and it provoked any number of the "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" of disappointment. It was in reality played with one-third of an eye towards a count and two-thirds towards safety. It was a wide miss, but there was no discount upon the "safety" part of it. Schaefer went for it, failed to catch the second ball, and left Slosson a sure count, as a sequel to which he ultimately got "the rail" and in all sorts of shapes knocked out 87. When we have recorded that at no time that night did Schaefer close the gap between balls that were nine feet apart, we have said all that is necessary, save that in his last inning he got caught in balk. He claimed that the ball was out, and Slosson that it was in. The referee scrutinized it from both the side of the table and the end, and devoted almost two minutes to endeavoring to see if he could not raise a doubt in his mind sufficiently strong to warrant his deciding in favor of the player who was so far behind, as Slosson had now but two to go. The most that he could make of it was that it was a line-ball, and he properly decided in favor of Slosson, who essayed to play. Schaefer endeavored to push him away from the table, and Slosson retaliated. "Give me a chance!" begged Schaefer; but Slosson, remembering the vicious "kiss" and the gaunt "scratch" that twice gave Schaefer "the rail" at Cooper Institute after the Twenty-third-street champion had run 464 against him, was not giving anything away last Monday night, and his antagonist turned sadly from the table. The result of this game gave Schaefer the third prize, $250, and made Slosson and Sexton a tie for first and second prizes. Slosson made the second highest average of the tournament, 25. The average of the loser was 9.3-12. We give the score in full:

SCHAEFER.		SLOSSON.		SCHAEFER.		SLOSSON.	
Inn.	*Runs.*	*Tot.*	*Runs.*	*Tot.*	*Inn.*	*Runs.*	*Tot.*
1..	0		39		7....	1	28
2....	1		66	105	8....	0	28
3....	0		0	105	9....	17	45
4....	0		87	192	10....	17	62
5....	25	26	48	240	11....	0	62
6....	37	37	37	277	12....	65	111

The tie between Garnier and Daly for fourth and fifth prizes, $150 and $100 respectively, was determined on Tuesday night, Nov. 25. The number of points was increased to 500, and it was confidently predicted by many that both men would make runs of hundreds of 100, and surpass the triple figure they had reached in the tournament proper. The betting was that Daly would beat Garnier by 75, and that he would also make the higher run. Garnier ought to have won the game by at least fifty points, and he would have won it by two points if the professional group in the southeast corner had made no remarks while he was striving with tooth and nail to make the last shot that he played. It was a short draw he lacked confidence, and he seesawed so long that it was thought he would never let go. When he did hit his ball, it was a premature stroke, forced from him by the jeering remarks of the cluster who are all too young to have any cognizance of this time-honored rule as to the duties of spectators towards players: "No one has a right to comment upon a stroke, either for praise or for blame; for the same stroke may occur again in the course of the game, and the player's play may be materially altered by the criticism to which he has just been listening." People who pay their way may urge that fact in extenuation of an occasional audible criticism, but deadheads have no rights whatever, unless it was not criticism that was directed against Garnier, but ridicule. Some of the longenders were trying to pull themselves out whole. If Garnier had had his wits about him, he would at once have turned round and played upon the other ball. As he had four to go, there was "position" enough in the other shot to have carried him out. True billiards would have required him, earlier in the game, to play the draw-shot, as that would have given him a "position" for a moderately long run; but it is not true billiards for a player who has but four to go to play plain draw-shots. Daly played a very steady game, and made no mistakes. At one time he led by about one hundred points, which advantage Garnier reduced by running 109 in different parts of the table, immediately followed by 66. In his 32d inning Garnier had made 13 when he permitted himself to be caught in balk, which was the precursor of defeat. The winner's average was 13.6.38, with a run above 66. The loser's average was the higher one of 13.15-37.

DALY—7, 57, 1, 60, 0, 24, 19, 0, 4, 3, 25, 1, 16, 0, 66, 1, 10, 2, 0, 0, 2, 2, 40, 15, 0, 17, 7, 5, 12, 1, 13, 34, 10, 4, 14, 0, 31, 2 total, 406.

GARNIER—18, 0, 2, 32, 1, 17, 5, 19, 33, 1, 46, 7, 5, 1, 0, 44, 0, 0, 5, 0, 1, 13, 0, 0, 12, 12, 0, 109, 66, 7, 5, 13, 0, 3, 1, 0, 18—total, 496.

The result of the final game between Sexton and Slosson will be found on an inside page. Below is the complete table of scores, runs, and averages in the twenty-eight games constituting the tournament proper. Each player's best run is in heavy figures, and his best winning average is inclosed in parentheses.

	Sexton.	Slosson.	Daly.	Garnier.	Carter.	Rudolphe	Heiser.	Schaefer.	Total Innings.	Total Points.	Grand Average.
Sexton.		264—57	300 7.12—57	300 16.12—18	300 13—23	300 12.12—24	300 15.15—19	300 9.13—33	133	1,815	13.86—133
Slosson.	301—65		300 9.13—65	300 21—13	300 8.24—54	300 12.12—16	300 15.15—19	300 10—30	158	2,074	13.20—108
Daly.	300 20 1.20 0	300 20 1.20 0		274 11.10—34	300 9—17	300 6.11—38	300 15.15—19	300 15—20	169	1,817	11.57—102
Garnier.	300 (23.1.15) 84	300 (23.1.15) 84	300 11—20		300 21—13	300 10—17	300 15.15—19	300 15—20	157	1,487	9.84—105
Carter.	300 21.6—14 84	300 8.24—54	300 9—17	300 10—17		300 (10.12—16) 52	300 15.15—19	300 (10.12—16) 52	174	1,523	8.131—174
Rudolphe.	300 3.12—6 84	300 6.11—38	300 7.17—39	300 3.12—6	300 (10.12—16) 52		300 15.15—19	300 (10.12—16) 52	173	1,265	7.64—173
Heiser.	300 19—10 69	300 15.15—19	300 15.15—19	300 15.15—19	300 15.15—19	300 15.15—19		300 (11.3—27) 69	157	1,467	9.84—157
Schaefer.	257 7.5—36	276 14.10—19 1 1 1 3	300 15.15—19	300 15.15—19	300 15.15—19	300 15.15—19	300 15.15—19		162	2,097	13.121—162
Total Points.	1,815	2,074	1,817	1,487	1,523	1,265	1,467	2,097			
Total Innings.	133	158	169	146	174	173	157	162			
Fdr. dolphe.	300 3.12—6 67	300 9—33 65	300 15.15—19 64	300 9—33	300 (10.12—16) 52	300 3.12—6 30	300 (11.3—27) 69	300 8.12—36 53			
Carter.	300 21.6—14 84	300 8.24—54	300 9—17	300 10—17		300 (10.12—16) 52	300 15.15—19	300 (27.7.11) 83			
Garnier.	300 (23.1.15) 84	300 11—20	274 11.10—34		300 21—13	300 10—17	300 15.15—19	300 15—20			
Daly.	300 20 1.20 0	300 20 1.20 0		274 11.10—34	300 9—17	300 6.11—38	300 15.15—19	300 15—20			
Sexton.	301—65		300 9.13—65	300 21—13	300 8.24—54	300 12.12—24	300 15.15—19	300 10—30			
Schaefer.	300 (27) 229	300 (27) 229	300 16.2.14 1 2 1 3	300 16.12—28	300 7.17—39	300 9—33	300 15.15—19				
Heiser.	300 19—10 69	300 15.15—19	300 15.15—19	300 15.15—19	300 15.15—19	300 15.15—19		300 15.15—19			
Rudolphe.	300 3.12—6 84	300 6.11—38	300 7.17—39	300 3.12—6	300 (10.12—16) 52		300 15.15—19	300 (10.12—16) 52

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal-laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canada, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Dec. 1.

LADIES' LIST.

Aiken, Mrs. Julia (3)
Aden, Allie (vocalist)
Adams, Lucille M.
Amos, Nellie
Belden, Emma
Brown, Lillian (with Polly Co.)
Boumont, Carrie
Beaumont, Nellie
Bayliss, Mrs. Louisa
Bradley, Leanora
Blake, Alice
Buerkel, Caroline
Barry, Mrs. Wm.
Bordeaux, Mrs. Jane
Chaperioneer, Lillian
Conalin, Mrs. Georgie
Chinook, Sallie
Carmera, Eisadiate of Waldman's)
De Varnia, Mrs. S. A.
Dupont, Ella (of Nat. Theatre, Hartford)
Deforrest, Leona (2)
Doty, Miss L.
Drayton, Allie
Etta, Mile.
Edwards, Lou (of The Gaiety, New Haven)
Etta, Mile. (contortionist)
Elmore, Annie
Fray, Florence Marshall
Fostelle, Mrs. (late of Springfield)
Fox, Mrs. Geo. L. (2)
Floyd or Minnie Stephens, Mrs.
Fyselle, Nellie, Casino, Springfield)
Gray, Lotta

GENTLEMENS' LIST.

Armstrong, H. (of Big 4 Minst.)
Arlington, Wm.
Arnold, W. H. & Amos
Allen & West
Austin & Welt's Minstrels
Arlington, Wm.
Austin, Chas. & Emma
Admiral Dot
Andre, E. A.
Aubrey, Robt.
Avery, Chas. F. (of Emmet's Co.)
Burman, John (Richardselley)
Barron, C. (of McGlenen's Co.)
Bedford, C. (of Condon's Co.)
Beers, J. N. (of Robson & Crane's Co.)
Barnard, Charles
Burgess, Joe
Barrett, Lawrence
Blanchard, Harry
Blaisdell, J. (of Wallack's Co.)
Burgess, Neelon
Benjamin, S. R.
Burton, Clarence
Bailey, D. E.
Burke, W. (late of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Bye, Charlie
Buckley, H. (of Templeton's Co.)
Barnard, G. (mus. director)
Blatt, U. P.
Bryan, Edward (boy-actor)
Bixby, F. L. (3)
Brassler, R. L. (2)
Bingham, J. W. (ventriloquist) (2)
Boyd & Saxon, Frank
Brushfield & Gough, Wm.
Blackler, Tha.
Brazier, R. K. L.
Byron, G. D.
Brundis de Salle, Jose
Buley, Harry
Bishop, G. H.
Burpee, Fool
Bishop, T. Brigham
Bruno, Harry
Brazzier, W. L. P. (2)
Brazzier, Geo. R.
Batchelior & Doris (2)
Brown, Wm. R.
Barry, C. W. (of Ac. Mus., Chicago)
Carter, Billy (of Rooney's Co.)
Curry, — (of Curry "Capable"
Cereni, Harry
Campbell, Ned
Cambron, W. H.
Craft, J. M.
Clark, C. P. (p. o. St. Loudon, Eng.)
Colvin, E. D.
Coleman, M. P.
Cole, Geo. S.
Connis, John (late of The London, N. Y.)
Crane, E. M. (actor)
Canby, G. (with Barrett's Co.)
Conway, Neil
Conway, Jas.
Coop, F. C. (agent)
Cahill, A. (of Comique, Providence)
Campbell, Bartley
Clark, Gus. B.
Carr, Frank (tumbler)
"Costumer"
Crimmins Bros.
Childs, Chas. (musician)
Cooper & Bally
Coney, G. W.
Cooper, T. (of Holly & Cooper)
Clapham, H. J.
Clarke, Addison J. (3)
Carter, O. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Clemens Bros.
Crossley, John I.
Crane, C. W.
Carson, Jr. Kit
Cooke, Geo. F.
Davenport, Chas. (acrobat)
Duffy, E. (of Templeton's Co.)
Dutton, W. (of Cooper & Bailey's Cir.)
Dupont Bros. (acrobats)
DeHaven, Claude
Dougherty, Hughie
Doud, F. (of Ft. St. Theatre, Baltimore)
Dunbar, E. C.
Daverne, Mons. (of The London, N. Y.)
D'Arcy, H. (of Vicker's Co.)
Deriarmo, S. H.
DeHaven, G. B.
Dobson, F. S.
Donovan, Michael (clown)
Diamond, Chas.
Davis, Steward
Daubaway, G. (gymnast)
Davis, C. L.
Morrow, Frank (late of The London, N. Y.) (4)
Evans, Harry (lecturer)
Elliott, James
Edwards, W. (of Comique, Providence)
Emidy, Jas. (p. o. Tycaro, Eng.)
Ellsworth & Morton
Edouin, Mr. or Rice Sub. Co.)
Fox, Mrs. Geo. L.
Fox, Wm. (late of Philadelphia)
Forest, Frank of F. Field Thea., Rochester)
Foster, Chas.
Fleury, Fernando (2)
Fox, L. (of Campbell's Co.)
Fagan, Barney
Gibson, Alf.
Gibbons & McMahon
Gristie, C. B.
Garland, J.
Gibbons, Jno. W. (2)
Grady, C.
Gorman, Jas. (acrobat)
Gardner, Wm. (care Prof. Hartz)
Guptill, R. G.
Gillespie, Wm.
Gingish p. o. mark)
Gibson, — (of Gibson & Binney)
Gardner, B. S. (of W. P. & W.'s Min.)
Garland, Jos.
Goodwin, Rich'd
Gibbons, Phil
Harris, Fred. D.
Hanlon, Frank S.
Hedges, T. C. (p. o. Birmingham, Eng.)
Hyers, S. B.
Herrmann, Prof.
Hoyt, Henry (scenic artist)
Haynes, E. (of M. Nordaun's Co.)
Hassall, Frank
Minnie
Hapgood, H. R.
Hamilton, Jas.
Louisville) (2)
Lafayette, Mrs.
Ruby
Lawrence, Grace (late of Toledo, O.)
Lorraine, Mlle. (of Danites Co.)
Hilliard, Mr. (of Ballet & Hunting)
Holmes, E. B.
Haver, C. G. (minst. "Pat")
Hall, G. (of Curry & Hall)
Hutchings, Saml. M.
Haden, Wm. R.
Henry, Hi (4) 3c.
Irving, J. B.
Jordan, J. (of McWade's Co.) (2)
Johnson, L. (of Johnson's Combo.)
Johnson, H. W. (with McKee Rankin)
Jeffrey, J. H.
Jeffries, Thos.
Kiraly, Imrie
Key, J. S. (with The Tourists)
Kilbourne, J. P.
Kennell, Harry
Klipstein, C. (late of Wheeler's Opho.)
Kendall, Ned (of Boston)
Lennox, G. (of Harley's Minst.)
Lavine, Wilie
Loyal, Geo. (2)
Liston, A. (of Albambra, Philadelphia)
Leanard, — (late Lean & Moore)
Lavadie, A. M. D.
Lampard, W. J.
Loreis, J. C.
Leavitt, M. S.
LaVard, Wm.
LaFont, Sigmond
Lavenstein, Jos. (late of Atlanta, Ga.)
Leary, Bill
Lee, Bob (of Lee Bros.)
Loreita, T. A.
Lambert, A.
Lambert & Tracy)
Leech, C. E.
Lambert, Mr. (of Italian Op. Co.)
Leon, J. V.
Leake, W. H. (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Lane, J. A. (of McCullough's Co.)
Lawrik, Louis
Lyle, W. E.
Lockman, H. W.
Lindley, Harry
Long, Peter
Loder, Chas. A. & Minnie
Louden, J.
LaMartine, Harry (clown)
Maginley, Ben
Magee, Wm. (of Paulding & Farnum)
Mullen, J. J. (late of Marcel es, Ill.)
Morrow, Frank (of Magee, J. (of How cott's Hib.)
Mansger Frank's Atalan. Circus)
Montague, F. D. (comedian)
Morris, Harry
Moore & Lessenger
Mitchell & Gullioli
Manley, Joe
McIntyre & Heath
Morton, John W. (2)
McDonald, Felix (British advices) "Musical Act" (3)
Morris, J. E. (3)
Magee, John (plantist)
Moreland, Harry (of Keen-Rye Comb.)
Malone, J. T.
Martin, T. (of Leroy & Martin)
Morton & Hedges' Comb.
Mealey, J. (of Mealey & Marlow)
Mackey, Dave (Dutch "biz")
Mack, W. F. (The London, N. Y.)
McCollom, J. (of Bowers & Thomp. Co.)
Mitchel, Harry
Moran, Jas. H.
Mahoney, W.
Moody, F. (with Guy Family)
Mooney, Ed.
Murphy, Mark
Mackey, F. (of Orton Com. Co.)
Miller, D. J. (of Un. Tom Cab. Co.)
Mahoney, Dudley
McIntyre, T. (of Cole's Circus)
Naoui, Frank (juggler)
Norris, J. (of California Minst.)
Nevaro, Sig. (illusionist)
Norman, Henry (ventriloquist)
Nebb, T. (of Fanchon Co.)
Nathan, J. (of Barnum's Cir.)
Orrin Bros.
O'Brien, M. (of Coup's Circus)
Otter, Wm.
Oglesby, Dick
Primrose, Geo. H.
Perlet, Herman H.
Pulian, Wm. (of Ft. St. Thea., Baltimore)
Phillips, C. (of Milner's Wint. Garden)
Rice, Alfred (gymnast)
Rogers, B. (of "Miss Comb.) (2)
Ronaldo, Harry (3)
Ray, Billy & Maggie
Rice, Wm. Henry (2)
Rice, Sam
Renttrew, J. N
Rosenbaum, Jr., E.
Russell, Mr. (of Fattinitza Co.)
Raymond, Chas.
Rice, J. H.
Riches, Geo. (p. o. m. Hastings, Eng.)
Robinson, C. H. (of Robir. & Fritz)
Ronaldo, J. (of Ronaldo's Bros.)
Robinson, James (leader)
Recker, J. Robt. (musician)
Ryan, Perry (of Ryan & Russell, Sol. S.
Reiley, John (late Reiley & Storey)
Russell, F. (of N. O. Minst.)
Seamon, C. (of Emerson's Min.)
Sperra, H. (of Haverly's Min.)
Sweeney & McCarthy
Strong, J. V.
Scrague, Dan
Sperckman, J. (of Ooffy Gooff Co.)
Stutes & Hamilton
Sellers, Harry (manager)
Sawtes, T. (of Searles Bros.)
Sturges, J. (of Ad. Thompson & Co.)
Sexton, M. C.
Sellon & Burns
Spencer, Jas.
Spencer, A. (late of D. Rice's Circus)
Starwood, — (banjoist)
Smith, John J. (musician)
Saunders, Chas. H.
Sanford, Col. J. P.
Scofield, J. C.
Stetson, Louise
Taylor, James
Thompson, Geo. W.
Tamoro, G. (of Lambert & Tracy)
Tudors, The
Taylor, John H. (conjurer)
Uffner, Frank (2)
VanNess, Peter L.
Vujean, C. (English p. o. mark)
Weaver, J. R.
Ward & Lynch (4)
Williams, Harry
Ward, J. (of Mrs. Bowers' Co.)
White, Wm.
Ward & Wells
Walton, Chas.
Wilder, J. S.
Wilson, C. (of Sanford & Wilson)
Williams, J. B.
Wiggins, T. A. (wizard) 9c.
Wright, Edwin
Wiggins, Wm.
Wade-show "biz")
Webber, Harry
Webster, W. P.
Warren, Geo. W.
Waddy, J. M.
Wilson, H. A. (of London Circus)
Westburg, Chas.
Washburn, E. S.
Winters, A. W.
Walters, Chas.
Wood, Geo. F.
Young America

THERE ARE LETTERS in the Reading (Pa.), Post-office for the following: Jas. Bland, of Sprague's Georgia Minstrels; Fritz Schmeizer, of Potter's Pleiades; and Helen Potter, of Potter's Pleiades.

Answers to Correspondents.

[With the view of relieving the pressure upon our regular "ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS" column, we propose to insert below all requests to ventriloquists relating to amusements. Such queries as do not relate to amusements will be answered in our regular columns, and should be written on separate slips of paper from those asking for information concerning amusements. Questions that do not reach this office until Monday morning will not be answered until the following week. No answer at all will be made, orally, by mail or by telegraph, to any question the answer to which is reason to think involves a dispute between individuals. All such will be answered publicly, through our columns.—ED. CLIPPER.]

C. H. E., Macon.—I. We always dissuade people from thinking of entering upon a stage-career, not for this reason you suppose, but because there are a thousand aspirants for histrionic honors where there is one vacancy. Your friend's morals are as safe upon the stage as in "society." The difference lies mainly in this—that a misstep in private life need not be known, whereas one on the part of a public personage has almost necessarily to be known. We would advise a lad to abstain from going upon the stage, but only upon the same principle that we would advise your brother or other male friend not to go to Congress. The moment public life or literary publication begins, for one purpose or another. 2. No answers by mail.

ORLAND, Cincinnati.—We have thousands of such applications in the course of a year. There is but one of two courses for you to pursue—either give up all idea of going upon the stage, or accept a subordinate position in some first-class theatre; and the more subordinate it is at the begin ng, the better it will be for you in the end, premising that you have natural talent in addition to having studied elocution and standard and Shakespearian plays." Almost everybody who can read has done the same—and more—another. Almost anybody can to but very little towards making an actor of one's self.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—It is living, we think. 2 We must decline to do that, for the very reason that you wish it done. We should unwittingly be giving an opinion as to which are prominent. the rank of many persons would have to be left out of that list who are as deserving in any body to be in it, and we should thus be in the position of doing an injustice where we intended none. 3. See our regular answers as to other questions.

SUBSCRIBER, HAVANA.—This correspondent, the son of the late A. M. Hernandez, wishes to learn of the whereabouts of Arthur Hernandez, who used to travel with A. M. and he be in this, sailed for England in 1878 or 1879.

MRS. E. J. HORNER of 31 Vine street, Cincinnati, inquires as to the whereabouts of a young actor by the name of Montague Horner, or George Horner, or Harry Clifford. The lady is his mother, and has not heard from him in two years. The comedian Harry Clifford is not referred to.

MRS. ANN GARVEY, who can be addressed at 1,518 Eighth street, Washington, D. C., has in quest of information as to her sister, whose maiden name was Octavia Durell, who is said to have become an actress, and whom she has not seen in twenty-two years.

M. W., Rock Falls.—The salaries vary so, according to the talent of the performer, that we cannot give figures that would at all help to adjust the differences. Had you given us the figures in dispute, we might have had something to work upon.

LOCANDA, Philadelphia.—Those things can be purchased at much less cost than you can manufacture them. See card among our advertisements.

REAL, Hamilton.—W. H. Otis the actor has been dead for five or six years.

F. L., Montgomery.—Charles H. Day writes us that a show called the Metropolitan Olympiad, or something of that sort, started from Nashville, Tenn., in the Spring of 1877, with the Broncho horses now owned by W. C. Coup, and that two of them did the seesaw act. The season was short-lived.

MISS MILLIE ROBERTS, whose address is City Post office, Chicago, is anxious to learn of the whereabouts of the Larue Brothers, who used to travel with Levi J. North's Circus. She is more particularly interested in that one of them whose name is Alphonse Bros. and whose residence was Montreal, Canada. He is her stepfather.

J. J. P.—1. The stage of the Thalia Theatre, formerly the Bowery, is larger than that of any other house in this city. 2. "Pinafore" was produced in England before it was brought out in this country. 3. Avoid mixing amusement questions with those of a sporting or other character, as is requested in the heading to this column.

H. S., New Comerstown.—1. The Purbish Pitch-and-toss Combination played "The Two Orphans." Georgie Langley and Dollie Price were the two sisters. 2. Either she or her sister was known as Lottie Francis. We think it was Eugenia.

G. E. D., Easton.—1. Emily Rigl, we believe, is a native of Holland. 2. We cannot undertake to say where Bartley Campbell or any other player gets the idea of his plays from. "The Galley Slave," as such, was first produced Sept. 29 last, at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia.

F. D. K., Phœnixville.—"The Banker's Daughter" belongs to the gentleman to whom you have telegraphed and written. Silence probably means that he does not wish you to perform it. The right to play it in the United States can be procured only of him.

ELEPHANT, Nashua.—1. If you mean by having a "row" that Hannibal fell in love with Queen Anne, and ran away near Fawnckct, R. I., it was in 1864. 2. Coleman fell through the bridge at North Adams in 1864. 3. Forepaugh's Romeo killed Williams in 1867.

READER, Montgomery.—Joseph Wheelock is a leading man. He is of about average height, does not play the parts that Montague used to play in this city, and is not a member of the company at Wallack's Theatre.

ADVERTISER, Philadelphia.—Fifteen cents a line for each insertion, and 20 per cent. off when paid for three months (13 insertions) in advance. See rates on eighth page.

OLD READER, Jackson.—"The History of the American Stage," by Col. T. Allston Brown, gives numberless biographies, and from it you can glean all that you ask except as to that matter involving domestic relations.

J. A. G., Kalamazoo.—It would not be in good taste for us to attempt to obtain a solution of the ill-health relatively of actors. Besides, there would have to be too much guesswork about it.

FRED W. H. F., Philadelphia.—We do not know where you can get the poem "The People of the Variety Profession."

C. D. DE L., St. Paul.—The quickest way is to address W. W. Allen, care of this office. He is traveling with some company in the West.

FLORENCE.—The newspaper correspondent who in "The Mighty Dollar" calls Barnwell Slote a dodo does not mean "ditto." He refers wholly to the didus.

HARRY, Boston.—Make your talents known to some manager, and perhaps he will give you an opportunity to appear.

ROSA, Baltimore.—This is the third time in three weeks that we have answered that we know nothing as to the whereabouts of that personage.

ACROBAT, Washington.—The salary of acrobats varies according to the forms under the control of the individual. The trio of Forepaughs may be good performers, and yet worth virtually nothing.

R. E. H., Jackson.—Address Ed. James, whose card see, for a list of plays. Those that are for amateurs alone are so marked. The price of the plays is fifteen cents each.

J. W. C., Boston.—Negro minstrels are not classed professionally as actors.

J. W. J., Steubenville.—Pat Rooney first appeared on the stage in Great Britain.

E. R. B.—Almost any temperance society. They take delight in giving those things away.

A NEWPORT BOY, Cincinnati.—That is just about what he wants.

BANNOR.—Barnum's Museum, Ann street, was burned July 13, 1865.

M. W. Y., Philadelphia.—Of Plympton, Stuyvesant street, this city.

W. C. R.—James E. Murdoch is in Philadelphia. We do not furnish the addresses of professionals.

J. H., Beaver Dam.—Watch our Negro-minstrel Summary.

WATCHMAN.—The Crystal Palace, this city, was burned Oct. 5, 1858.

READER.—There is no place where all that is taught. You should advertise for a teacher in those branches.

A READER, Jersey City.—The J. W. Collier Combination played "A Celebrated Case" at Niblo's, this city.

W. H. N., Harrisonville.—Advertise for an engagement.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Dec. 1, '79.

According to the custom of the country, to-day ushers in the cold and unblithesome Winter, with its storms of hail, sleet and snow, and fierce, biting winds, and many other unwelcome and gloomy features. But it also brings its pleasures, though all mankind may not be permitted to enjoy or participate in them. About these days look out for Teezes that congeal the limpid streams and lakes, bringing joy alike to the hearts of the disposer of skates and the waif that fastens them to your aching feet; and now, too, comes the snow, the alleged "beautiful snow," but in reality the muddy and gushy and splashy snow, which plays such havoc inside out on runners on the go-as-you-please plan, and the roads leading out of town are alive with happy hearts and dead with ill-used horses; when the hills re-echo the merry laughter and ringing shouts of the pedestrians as they dodge to the dodge, and risk innumerable pains and penalties for one day-and-night's solid enjoyment, as it were. Truly Winter has its delights as well as its ills, its comforts as well as its poverty. Jimmy, you were on the road on Thanksgiving-day, were you not? "Yes, but were disappointed. I walked the road from Central Park to McComb's Dam Bridge, hoping to see a collusion between the fast trotters, but nary a collusue, nary a fight, and only one breakdown." Well, surely you do not take pleasure in collisions and accidents on the road, do you? "Not on your life for, I'd sooner stayed at Tony Pastor's the whole afternoon than to miss a good catastrophe on the road; I saw more fights and more fun on the Bowery *after* I got back than you could shake a stick at. There was thousands of people all along the road, all waiting for runaways, and smash-ups and fights, just as I was; and a sicker and disgusteder crowd you never saw. No more such wastes of life on Thank-giving-day for me." See who knocks, James. "Man with an old suit of new clothes. Show him out!" Pacify him, Jimmy. What's all that racket? "It's me a-pacifying the old screw of a tailor; *he* won't come again. Them old close men 'd skin a eel jist for the sake of worrying the eel. I never see a tailor which I don't long to cook his goose for him." That last remark does not seem to have improved your temper or your principles, James. It had been better hadst thou been with Brother Talmage on that occasion, and sat under the drippings of his fertile imagination. "I wouldst rather have sot under Tony Hart's drippins, because they're unstrained and—" That will do. Get thee to thy labor..... Matinees as the downtown places of amusement did a more profitable business on Thanksgiving than those of the uptown theatres, but at night all were crowded, and honors were easy. The performers were pretty well fagged out with hard work, but not one reneged at the call of the dinner-bell, not one was slow in responding to the call of "Dinner-time." See here:

AT THE FEAST.

The heavy and the juvenile sat down to dine together:
The juvenile was well prepared, the heavy light as feather:
The comic man, with visage sad, he scanned the towl scene o'er,
While the soubrette, she, like Oliver, did boldly call for mo-er—
The leading lady, in her silks, got right before the turkey,
While utility, and villain, too, got in their little work-ee.
It was a sight to glad the eyes to see these friends of art
A-punishing of chicken-pie, each fellow to his part.
And then, when the table ceased to groan, they silently uprose,
And cheerfully returned to work, as you may all suppose.
A moral from the players' feast may by mankind be learn-ed—
"No repast e'er felt the halter draw with good opinion of the law."

[This does not appear to harmonize very well, but it takes several days for a poet to find his true level after joining in the festivities of Thanksgiving-celebration.—ED.].....The Seventh Regiment Fair is a great success—so great, indeed, as to warrant the managers in extending the season to a third week. That it has somewhat curtailed the receipts at the theatres, no unbiased military mind will deny. On Saturday night last there was a beautiful exemplification of humanity wending its way up several flights of stairs to the floor where may be seen the art-gallery, the gipsy camp, the Turkish bazar, the Punch-and-Judy show, etc.; but while all but the picture-department was free for all, with an extra charge of twenty-five cents to see the pictures, no eager one of the visitors to aid the fund that they gave the go-by to the gipsies and other sideshows, and pressed forward in solid columns to pay homage to art. And what do you suppose is the most attractive painting in the seventh's artistic gallery? Why, we are training James in æsthetic ways, we will let the ambitious youth tell you about the picture which draws the crowd: "Actin' onto instructions, I made me way up four flites of stares (I wouldst here suggest a elevator for the next Fair—Ed.) and there yuntoon, I adwanst with the gang till we fetched up against a highly moral colored cromo of a young gurl without a stitch of close onto her. Agin this nude figger I shut me ise on strictly moral grounds, so far as I was consurned; but in the interests of humanity and my moral employer, I relucktantly and sadly opened 'em to the lite of day! Such a site!—a pure young gurl reclinin' onto a ottoman, with her back turned tords us as if in deep thort—in a pensive mood, so to speak; she was as naked as the day she was born, and just as bashful and as large as life. From her attytood I should say she was ashamed of herself for being cort by so many visitors in such a awful plite. Her butiful hed was likely inklined tords us as if to penetrate our inmost thorts; but it was not onto a level with the rest of her, yet the pose and the ensemble was the very ackmy of the cromoist's skill and judgment. It was a site never to be fergottin. The spectaters was rivitted to the spot, I might say, so enchantin' was the scene. There was a carm quiet about the congregashin that denoted the aestheckid taste of the consumers as they feested on that yung girl in all her nacheral luviiness an1 charms of nurson. A man, wite with the frosts of many Winters, he ses to me, ses he—'Yung man, such pernishin picturs ought not to be shone publicly exhibited.' I turned onto him a witherin' glances as I giv him this crushin' rebook: 'Me agid frend, to the pure *art* things is pure.' He lookt at me in a wolce livid with emotion as he wishisbey responded: 'Yu dam fool, what do you know about art?' In a mild, loosid manner I gooze upon him with the ise of a bassilisx as I trooly give life to these words wich desurv to liv in letters of fire: 'Old man, yu are on tu the yurge of the silent tume; yure daise ai the most is fu and ful of tribooalshin.—I wood save thee from a fereful dume. Henztiorth, remember these words and repent: *'Hunny so it; pat, my pence!'* These is lattin wurds, but in United States languldre they are sharper than a serpint's tooth, as boilers: *'Evil be tu him who evil thinks!'* With one last look at the silent and incumbent figer of that undrest gurl, I went out like wun hoom wraps his overkote around him and lies down to plesint dreems! I woodst offer a fu lines of me poetic mos on

HI ART CROMOSE.

O Art! In yur air awl thines typifide
In a simpil style, with which the pubhc is satisfide—
The painter's brush and the drug store's many colors
Lasts longer than the filthy mity dollars!
O Time! in yure crushil fietin' hours,
I do confess the exteut and the offence of our powers.
Da merges into nite, nite rastles with the morrer—
But O Love! to be with thee is swete and larstin' sorrer!
Hale! Glorious Zhi! May you secure such a collockshin
As shall pay the armory's bak dets and finish its erecktshin.

ROTE BY OUR JIM.

.....At the Boston Theatre, one day last week, the ticket-office was nearly deluged with water escaping from a leaky pipe. We are told that so unaccustomed were the officials of that house to anything of a watery nature that they sent a sample to a learned professor to have it analyzed. It is a remarkable coincidence that "Drink" was the attraction at that theatre during the week.....The critics of the great West are about as enthusiastic a race of men as dame Fortune e'er smiled upon. The following beautiful extract from a lengthy article on the acting of Mary Anderson is so remarkable for its emotional intensity and subjugating precocity that we cannot refrain from transferring it to our own columns. It is from the facile pen of one of Milwaukee's cherished sons, George W. Peck, who certainly fills the measure of his bill:

Even a deaf and dumb and blind person could not help but be impressed with the talent and beauty of Mary Anderson. She is a marvel, and can take on more emotions and dresses in a single evening than any of them. She is about six feet in height when in repose; but when her frame is charged with emotion and she gets mad or excited, she seems to raise right out of the stage and telescope up until she is eighteen or nineteen feet high, and others on the stage look like dwarfs. How she does it the Lord only knows. She's it. It was a singular study when her breast got to heaving. She must have a suite of lungs like a blacksmith's bellows, and when in her excitement she would exhaust them she would look as thin as a last year's herring's wish-bone with the naked eye; but when in her passion her lungs became inflated, her bust rounded out, and her dress fitted her like the paper on the wall, and then all she lacked was her own natural Mary Anderson smile to make the average man give a Pacific Railroad if she was his sister. Oh, she beats them all.

.....Doctor Quackenbos, such a favorite of the theatrical profession, "still lives." His doctors have given him up several times, and now that he has given up the doctors, it would appear that he has secured a fresh lease of life. In the same way Charles O'Conor got the best of the medical faculty a few years ago, when they had given *him* up to die, and to this day he walks our streets as a frightful example to shaky doctors.....Professor Proctor is not to be depended on. The shower of stars that he so exultingly told us would show up on Thanksgiving night failed to appear, and thousands of persons who invested in smoked glass are that much out. It is perhaps well that the Professor is seeking greener fields and pastures not so old as ours.....A number of our street Arabs were terribly put out on Saturday evening when they put in an appearance at Daly's Theatre. They had read the announcement of a new play called "An Arabian Night." Thinking it was in their honor, they took it in, and threatened to pull down the house when they found it had no reference to them..... *"Our Girls"* will make but a short run at Wallack's, which is another evidence of the superiority of "Our Boys" in the *long* run.....With the steady increase of piety in this city, sacred concerts show a corresponding increase, and ministers of the gospel have to complain of this Sabbath-evening innovation. They allege, with what truth we leave our readers to judge, that neither "Pretty as a Picture" nor "The Skids are Out To-day" can be found in the church collection of Psalms and Hymns. By the way, how much we miss the Skids out! And if so, was it in a square or a skin game?.....A benefit for Patrick Lynch, the fireman who risked and almost lost his own life in his efforts to save the lives of others, is to take place at Niblo's Garden on Wednesday afternoon of next week, December 10. We are opposed to people taking the law into their own hands, but this is a case which will justify our citizens in forming themselves into a Lynching committee, and joining in a general expression of our feelings in behalf of the brave fireman.....P. Gilmore is the composition of the compositors, eh, eh, but what the charge is has not transpired. H. Columbia! What will The. Thomas say to this?.....In making allusion to some circus business last week, we wrote, plainly enough, that Tim Nickles, the ticket-seller, was an every-lived, wa-engaged in breaking horses in the fiend of the ring-performing-room set it up "breaking houses," and so it went in. No wonder Tim Nickles was angry when he called to see us last week, and threatened to break our head. The compositor "ilt out.".....Of what avail is the benefactor and his money, and what is Haverly is permitted to revive slavery? And yet it is boldly announced that "The Galley Slave" will be put up for public inspection to-night at Haverly's Theatre. Are we a nation of incubuses that such a thing should be?

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

Sig. Aramburo and Mme. Adini of the Mapleson Opera Troupe sailed in a jiffy for England on the 22d ult., without notifying their manager, who did not become aware of their departure until about the middle of the ensuing week. The Colonel says that the Signor took away with him an appreciable sum in advance salary. The departure of the artists is accounted for by the fact that the American critics did not treat the Signor to his liking. On one occasion some of the critics mistook another singer for this particular Signor, and gave him mild fits.....One of P. T. Barnum's imported stallions died recently in Newton, L. I. He could be given out as $5,000.....A concert in aid of the sufferers by the floods in Spain was given in Chickering Hall, under the auspices of the Spanish Choral Society of this city, on the night of Nov. 29.....W. H. De Garmo, the well-known dancing-master, celebrated Thanksgiving-day by presenting each of his boarding-house, the wee hatless when the door was shut in his face, and his wife had to lower his chapeau from an upper window, with the aid of a fork, to the waiting master of the boarding-house alleges an unpaid boardbill as the cause of the shutting-out. The dancing-master threatens suit for damages.....The announcement in some of the papers that Frank C. Bangs was to be Sheridan's aide-de-camp in the thanksgiving-day was a cruel hoax upon some unknown lady. The actor had no intention of marrying, and the fact did not transpire that he was invited to give a public performance of his national anthem of "Columbia," words and music born in a night, for the joint benefit of the Actors' Fund Society and the Author's Guild. It will take place shortly at the Academy of Music..... Miss Ella Warden, daughter of Oscar Warden of the Grand Opera-house, Cincinnati, has returned in that city to George M. Stork during the current week.....Mrs. Bret Harte is now residing in this city.....On the afternoon of Nov. 29 Mr. Joseph Jefferson gave his fourth "Dickens Morning" at Chickering Hall.....The relatives of the late Edward Power are endeavoring to make Miss Kitty O'Neil, who was the wife of Power, give up her diamonds, on the plea that they belong to the estate of the deceased. Among those who are familiar with the facts there is a very general impression that all that Edward Power had when he married the lady with whom he lived in connection as a dancer, and she seems to have received nothing from her and her husband's joint estate but the diamonds. There is no question as to the validity of the marriage in this matter.....George Augustus Sala, retired dramatist and journalist of leisure, arrived here from England on the 28th ult. He was here during the early days of our Rebellion.....O. H. Barr, now traveling with the company supporting Edwin Booth, recently married Miss Fannie Wilde, a young actress of Worcester, Mass., to return home from Europe in the spring.....Mme. Ristori, who had figured in railroad accidents before, recently had a narrow escape from another, on the road between Stamford and Gottenburg, Sweden. The outlook for quartets is unpromising. Chicago has a Miss Minnie Wells who sings in four different voices, and thus saves the hiring of quartets and their consequent bills.....The long-mooted question of the Paris Odeon is, it is said, at length settled. M. Duquesnel, the present director, will retire on July 1 next, and the new director will be M. Paul Meurice, the son-in-law of Victor Hugo. M. Meurice will enter upon his new functions in September, 1880, and open with "Torquemada," a grand unpublished drama of Victor Hugo. The next piece will be "Cromwell," completely rewritten by the author, and revivals of "Lucrece Borgia," "Angelo," and "Marie Tudor," followed by another unpublished drama by Victor Hugo.

CITY SUMMARY.

THE NOVELTIES presented by the San Francisco Minstrels since our last report included "The Lilac that Grew by the Gate," sung by W. Raymond; "Home by the Sea," by J. G. Russell; "The Turkish Patrol" and "The Skids are Out To-day," for the finale of the first part, and a familiar sketch, revised and rechristened "The Thompson-street Parlor, in Two Stories on a Level," which gave Billy Birch and Charles Backus ample scope to display their fun-creating abilities. George Thatcher said a good thing last week. While conversing with the leader of his orchestra, he asked: "How much salary do you get?" to which the answer came: "One hundred dollars a week;" then, turning to a musician on his left, he repeated the question, and the reply was: "Four dollars a week," whereupon the comedian remarked: *"You are all right; you'll get yours!"* Business continues excellent.

THE SPARRING-MATCH in which J. K. Emmet figures so prominently in the first act of "Fritz in Ireland" is highly enjoyed by the fair sex, many of whom give vent to their feelings in screams of laughter. That the few lines in the scene in German language during the conflict create a deal of hilarity convinces us that our Teutonic friends are giving this popular comedian a liberal patronage. A large business is the record of the past week.

THAT the public will not "do" "slumming" as pantomime last week was evinced by the very meagre patronage bestowed upon Marfit & Bartholomew's Company, who produced "Old Dame Trot" in the Fifth-avenue Theatre. In the second act Carlos Dashaway made a bold attempt to sing a comic-operatal-bar act, Williams (Tony) and Bertha Welby (Frank) gave Irish songs-and-dances, and Melville and Leopold a musical-moke act.

THE PHILADELPHIA CHURCH-CHOIR COMPANY changed its name to that of "Pinafore" in the Broadway Opera-house Nov. 29.

NICK ROBERTS was in town Nov. 26. He informs us that it is possible that he will produce "Humpty Dumpty" with his pantomime troupe, about the Christmas holidays, at an up-town theatre.

THE STANDARD THEATRE, Boston, Mass., correspondent in his last letter said was being engaged by Henry E. Abbey are to perform in Booth's Theatre.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE was crowded nightly the past week by audiences who reveled in the comicalities of "The Mulligan Guard's Christmas Ball," to borrow one of the peculiar expressions of Mrs. Welcome Allup, "make no blooming intermediate error" that the success of this piece is not fairly established. The preceding olio included in the sketch of "That Rascal Thomas," with Billy Gray in the title character; Jennie Morgan sang "Good-bye, Sweetheart," and "Macgregor's Gathering;" Goss and Fox did an eccentric act called "Juliana Johnson;" and Edwin Barry sang "Paddle Your Boat Along" and other more familiar ditties. The last-named vocalist closed Nov. 29.

OUR PLACES OF AMUSEMENT were liberally patronized Thanksgiving day and night, and at several theatres people were unable to obtain standing-room.

AT NEW CENTRE GARDEN.—The Metropolitan Concert Company (limited), James P. Lowrey president, have leased a plot of ground located at the corner of Broadway and Forty-first street, and extending through to Seventh avenue. A building that will have a sliding-roof, which can be opened or closed at pleasure, also conveniences for promenading around it, is now being erected. The orchestra, which will number sixty, is to be under the direction of Rudolph Aronson.

DURING HIS LAST WEEK in the Grand Opera-house, Edwin Booth is to act Richelieu Dec. 1, 2. Shylock 3, 4, matinee 6, and Bertuccio in "The Fool's Revenge" 5, 6. "Camille" is to be repeated by the stock at the matinee 3.

"THE GALLEY SLAVE" Combination are now playing the drama for the first times in this city in Haverly's Theatre.

"THE PRINCESS TOTO" being announced for production in the Standard Theatre Dec. 8, "Fatinitza" will be sung there for the last times this week.

"THE MULLIGAN GUARDS' CHRISTMAS" enters upon the third week of its run in the Theatre Comique Dec. 1.

J. K. EMMET is to introduce in "Fritz in Ireland," this week, the fifth of its run, the following musical specialties from "The New Fritz:" the new songs entitled "Oh! Don't You Tickle me," "Now, You Stop," "She Fainted Away in My Arms," and performances on the toy-harmonicon.

A LARGE ATTENDANCE greeted Edwin Booth throughout the second week of his engagement in the Grand Opera-house, he acting Iago Nov. 24, 26. 28, matinee 29, Othello 25, 27, 29, and the title-character in "Don Cæsar de Bazan" at the Thanksgiving-matinee (27), "Camille," by the stock-company, being the attraction at the matinee 28. Frederick Robinson, who had been specially engaged, acted the roles of Iago and Othello alternately with Mr. Booth in so artistic a manner as to give complete satisfaction. The other characters were thus distributed: Brabantio, John Elsler; Cassio, Gustavus Levick; Montano, Charles Harkinson; Roderigo, J. V. Melton; Gratiano, Wm. Scallan; Ludovico, John Daily; Duke of Venice (his first appearance here), W. H. Meeker; Herald, H. Victor; Julio, D. Lacey; Desdemona, Louise Muldener; and Emilia, Kate Meek.

"FATINITZA" continued the attraction at the Standard Theatre the past week to good business.

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FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

EUROPEAN NOVELTIES.

"Les Petites Lionnes"

is the title of a new comedy which recently received its first representation at the Theatre des Arts, Paris. The plot is as follows: "The heroines to whom the authors introduce us are no imaginary personages, and any person who goes into society in Paris must meet each evening one or more Mlles. De Boismorin. They are the daughters of a half-pay general, and might just as well have for father an ex-prefect, an ex-director of some public department, an ex-magistrate, or, in fact, any other retired functionary. The position of the Count De Boismorin is almost precisely that of all those who have filled a high official position, and have lost it for political or other reasons. When in receipt of a handsome salary, they entertain largely, bring their daughters into society, and cut a good figure. A cert announcement in the *Journal Officiel* reduces them within twenty-four hours to a meagre retiring pension, and they have to cut down all their expenses, and change the whole course of their life. The task is not an easy one. Their children have acquired tastes and habits not easily abandoned or shaken off. They like balls and parties, concerts, fetes, and the usual round of worldly pleasures, of which it would be almost cruelty to deprive them at their age. Besides, the future has to be looked to, they must be settled in life; but it is not by remaining cooped up within four walls that they are likely to find husbands. So the parents allow themselves to be easily persuaded by such arguments as these. They have not the courage to cut off their daughters' amusements, and continue to live much in the same style as before. At the outset the thing appears easy enough; they have only, as General De Boismorin's servant remarks, to suppress the roast joint at the family dinner; this little economical move is not seen or known out of doors. The girls are industrious and make their own dresses—a very considerable saving, of course, but no retrenchment is possible either in gloves, boots, and flowers, or in carriage-hire, and the thousand-and-one other expenses which are inevitable when a family wishes to 'cut a dash,' even on a modest scale; and these superfluities—if they really are so—cost more than the necessaries, there are so many of them. After the lapse of a few months, tradesmen, whose bills remain unpaid, begin to shower protests, each ring of the bell announces a dun, the gulf of debt opens wider and wider, but the daughters continue their career, and are cried up as among the beauties of the day. Yet they never receive a serious offer of marriage. They may deceive themselves as to the impression they make, but would-be suitors are fully aware of their impecunious position. Some of these gentlemen frankly admit themselves to be too poor to marry a wife without fortune, and the others are afraid lest the young lady and her family have only an eye on their wealth. It is an incident of this latter class which has befallen the eldest daughter of General De Boismorin-Helene, a charming girl of twenty-three, who has met in society Count Lionel De Gordes, a young nobleman with a fine income. Lionel is most assiduous in his attentions; he constitutes himself Mlle. De Boismorin's *cavaliere servente*, and wherever she goes is always to be seen at her side. At last he proposes, and Helene, who is deeply in love with him, is overjoyed. But her dream of happiness is not to last long. Lionel's friends and acquaintances are not slow to insinuate all sorts of mercenary motives for the young lady's immediate acceptance of his offer. They soon acquaint him with the fact that his intended has no dowry beyond her beauty; that her father is so crippled by debt as to be on the brink of immediate ruin; that, although he gives balls and dinner-parties, he has not paid his servants' wages for several months, etc., etc. The only chance of salvation for the Count De Boismorin lies in a rich marriage for one of his daughters. Lionel's mind is at last impressed by this back-biting, and he comes to the conclusion that Helene and her father have formed a plot for entrapping him. Fully resolved not to allow himself to become their dupe, he repairs to M. De Boismorin's residence with the intention of breaking off the marriage. The sudden change in his manner strikes Helene, and in reply to her questions he tells her that he is obliged, owing to a sudden misfortune, to leave Paris without delay and seek a refuge abroad; he had engaged in speculation and is completely ruined. "Ah! you abandon me for that!" exclaims the young girl—"because you are ruined. It is only now I know how much I love you, and how happy it makes me to tell you so. Well, we will live together in poverty, and you will see what a brave little wife you have found!" Lionel is thoroughly disconcerted by this explosion of disinterested affection; he perceives what a silly, dishonorable action he has been guilty of, for in his unjust suspicion of Mlle. De Boismorin he has told a cowardly lie. His confusion is such that he does not know what to say or do, but at last contrives to stammer out a request for pardon, declaring himself unworthy of Helene. She does not at first understand the meaning of his words; but when the truth flashes on her, and she perceives that he had resort to such a stratagem in order to test her motives, she is wounded to the quick, and bids him leave the house: all is over between them forever. The rest of the plot is not new, and the reconciliation between the separated lovers is brought about by a tolerably well-known process. If the General possesses nothing but his own name, his honorable and well-nigh glorious name, which would be of considerable value in the market. The fact is told him with the coolest effrontery by a very illbred young man, named Sigismond Morel, whose father, a millionaire, is starting a new financial scheme, which will prove a regular Charybdis for its hapless shareholders. He, however, offers a sum of 500,000 francs to each of the members of the proposed board as a bribe for the use of his name, and Sigismond asks the General De Boismorin to become a director, whereupon that gallant old gentleman can with difficulty restrain himself from kicking the impudent youth down the stairs. Thereupon Sigismond challenges the General, and goes to his wife's drag about the coming duel, and is sneer at M. De Boismorin. The Count De Gordes, who happens to be present, cuts his pleasantries short by slapping him in the face, and next day wounds him pretty severely—an incident which brings back his place in Helene's affections, and she will soon become his bride. Her sister Clotilde, a girl who is as simple in her tastes as her elder sister is the reverse, marries a quiet architect, and all ends well." The cast included Mlle. Marie Legault as Helene, Mlle. Druot as Clotilde, M. Montlouis as Lionel, M. Montbare as the General, and M. Verie as Sigismond.

DRAMATIC.

"ROBBING ROY, OR SCOTCHED AND KILT," F. C. Burnand's burlesque of "Rob Roy," has met with great success at the Gaiety Theatre, London.

G. W. ANSON is to open a dramatic fine-art gallery in London.

AN AUTHOR well known in dramatic circles in London will, it is said, shortly appear as respondent in a divorce suit.

"LE BOUDOIR" is the title of a little piece by MM. Ortsafulli and Seguin, recently produced at the Theatre des Arts, Paris.

"THE BREADWINNERS" was the title under which "The Worship of Bacchus" was produced at the Grecian Theatre, London, Nov. 10.

"DOCTOR DAVY," with Hermann Vezin as the hero, was revived at the Adelphi Theatre, London, Nov. 12.

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE S. KNIGHT are still playing with success in "Otto" in the British provincial towns.

From South Africa.

PORT ELIZABETH, S. A., Oct. 25, 1879.

DEAR CLIPPER.—I have only a few minutes to jot down our amusements in order to catch the next mail. W. Montague, supported by McVay's Dramatic Company, closed a season here Oct. 23, which had not proved profitable.....Bell's Circus is doing a large business, and their tent holds 1,700 people. Their prices are for reserved seats, $1; unreserved, 75 cents; gallery (?), 50 cents; children under nine years of age, half price. The company includes Mme. Rose Bell, equestrian; Emma Bell, bare-back-horse rider; Rose Bell, chariot-rider; Richard Bell, equestrian and tamer of wild horses; W. H. Bell in a bounding-jockey act; Herr Huxter, trapeze artist and high-bar performer; the Pane Brothers, acrobats; Bobbe, clown; and Mons. Edouard, vaulter.....Prof. Holden, magician, from England, has arrived in Cape Town, where he is reported to have made a great success. Respectfully yours, W. P.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE two performing elephants and the dromedaries which have lately been exhibited at the Alexandra Palace, London, were sold by auction Nov. 11 for the sum of 525 guineas, the purchaser being Mr. Cross of Liverpool.

WARE NORTON of the Merrymakers arrived in Calcutta, India, in the latter part of October, and, with Prof. Henicke, illusionist, intended giving performances in a tent.

STAGE-STRUCK.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"I'd rather be a tadpole and feed upon the vitals of an ingin, than have one drop of water in the rum I love!" exclaimed Edward Adolphus, as he seized the arm of an officious waiter who was about to pour the aqueous fluid into a jorum of punch just brewed.

"Sayest thou so, my noble lord?"

"Aye, marry do I, thou child of Ethiopia! A punch with too much water, poh! I'd rather be a dog with a kettle at my tail than such a rum 'un! Oh, there be punches that I've tasted and heard others praise, and that highly—not to speak profanely—that, neither having the taste of punch nor the flavor of julep, smash or cocktail, have so offended my palate, that I have thought some journeyman blacksmith had made them, and not made them well, they imitated the simon-pure so abominably. Give me the punch that is not spoiled by water, and I will engulf it—aye, to the very dregs—as I do this. By Jove! 'tis nectar fit for Gods! Cæsar Augustus, come hither! Thou noble descendant of Ham, approach and listen! Dost see yonder closet?"

"My lord, I do."

"'Tis well! Within its dark and murky walls enclosed you'll find an oblong box! Raise carefully the lid, insert therein your opaque digits, and draw back from thence a fragrant weed, which I myself across the vasty deep didst bring from Cuba's balmy isle. I'll e'en envelope my portly person for a while in aromatic vapor; and, as the misty clouds curl gracefully round my brow, I'll meditate on love. Heigh-ho! Ah, Esmeralda, most exquisite of ducks! pendition catch my whiskers, but I do love thee! And when I love thee not, the crisis has come again. What ho! Bring forth some bivalves, acidulated and highly spiced—those denizens of the silver sand that doth fringe the frothy edge of ocean's mighty and extensive surface! Place them before me, thou dusky scion of Afric's sunny clime; then speedily leave the presence!"

"Your Grace, 'tis done."

"So! If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly.' Something too much of this. Now for the banquet. O my soul's joy! If after every tempest come such clams, may the winds blow till they have wakened all the babies, and set the shellfish shallop climb hills of seas Olympus high, and duck again as low as hell's from heaven. If it were now to die, 'twere now to be most happy; for I fear that my stomach hath its contents so absolute that not another feast of clams like this succeeds to an unknown fate."

Edward Adolphus slumbers.

A BOY was caught in the act of stealing raisins in a shop, and was locked up in a dark closet by the grocer. The boy commenced begging most pathetically to be released, and, after using all the persuasion that his young imagination could invent, proposed it. "Sir, if you'll let me out and send for my daddy, he'll pay you for the raisins and lick me besides!" This appeal was too much for the grocer to resist.

RATES.

SUBSCRIPTION.—Per annum, in advance, $4; six months, $2; three months, $1, including postage to any part of the United States. Foreign postage extra. Single copies 10 cents each. No deduction to clubs or agents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—Agate type measure, 14 lines to an inch. Department notices, copied from and credited to other journals, 30 cents per line, the same notices to be inserted once only. Advertisements under the head of AMUSEMENTS, 15 cents per line; Miscellaneous and Sporting Advertisements, 20 cents per line—for each and every insertion. A deduction of 20 per cent. from these rates will be made for advertisements when paid for three months in advance by the advertiser. Advertising agents are not allowed this or any other deduction further than their regular commission. Cuts and displayed type in advertisements charged at the same rates for space occupied.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all others should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

THE CLIPPER is for sale in LONDON, ENGLAND, at the American Exchange, 449 Strand, Charing Cross, W. C.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE NEW YORK

CLIPPER ALMANAC

For 1880.

We are now prepared to receive advertisements for the next edition of THE CLIPPER ALMANAC, and such of our patrons as desire to secure space will please send in their favors as early as possible.

Managers and artists and all other persons in any way connected with amusements will find it one of the most serviceable mediums of communication they can select. Its large circulation also makes it a valuable medium for general advertising; and the SPORTING RECORDS it contains insure its being read by almost every ATHLETE, OARSMAN, TURFMAN, MARKSMAN and SPORTSMAN in the country, and makes it the best channel that dealers in sporting goods can select to advertise their lines.

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FOR TEN LINES, AGATE	2 00
FOR FIVE LINES, AGATE	1 00

SPECIMEN OF A FIVE-LINE CARD:

HENRY TIMMINS,
ACROBATIC SONG-AND-DANCE ARTIST.
Permanent address care of CLIPPER office, New York.

Address all communications to
FRANK QUEEN,
Publisher and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860,
or 88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

OLYMPIC THEATRE,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.,
TO LET
TO FIRST-CLASS DRAMATIC OR VARIETY COMBINATIONS.
Address HYDE & BEHMAN,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

N. B.—The above theatre has been improved, and has now one of the most attractive fronts of all theatres in Brooklyn. 37-1t

THE
LONDON,
235 and 237 Bowery,
OPPOSITE PRINCE STREET, NEW YORK.
Artists of ABILITY AND REPUTATION
WILL DO WELL TO
APPLY AT ONCE FOR DATES
36-1t THOS. DONALDSON, Manager.

THEATRE COMIQUE
514 BROADWAY.
HARRIGAN & HART.....PROPRIETORS

TIERNEY
AND
CRONIN
engaged for the season of 1879 and '80 at this house.
2-1t tf JOHN E. CANNON, Business-manager.

HARRY MINER'S
NEW THEATRE,
165 and 167 Bowery, New York.
Artists, please address
HARRY MINER,
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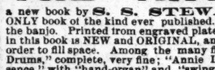

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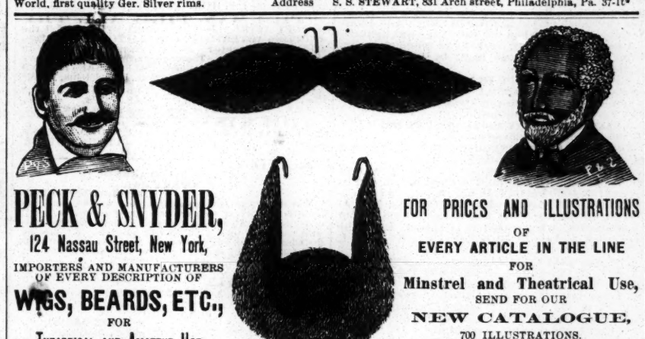

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